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The Saturday Review of Literature

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The right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the rights of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments... for the universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free.

—Woodrow Wilson

V-E DAY

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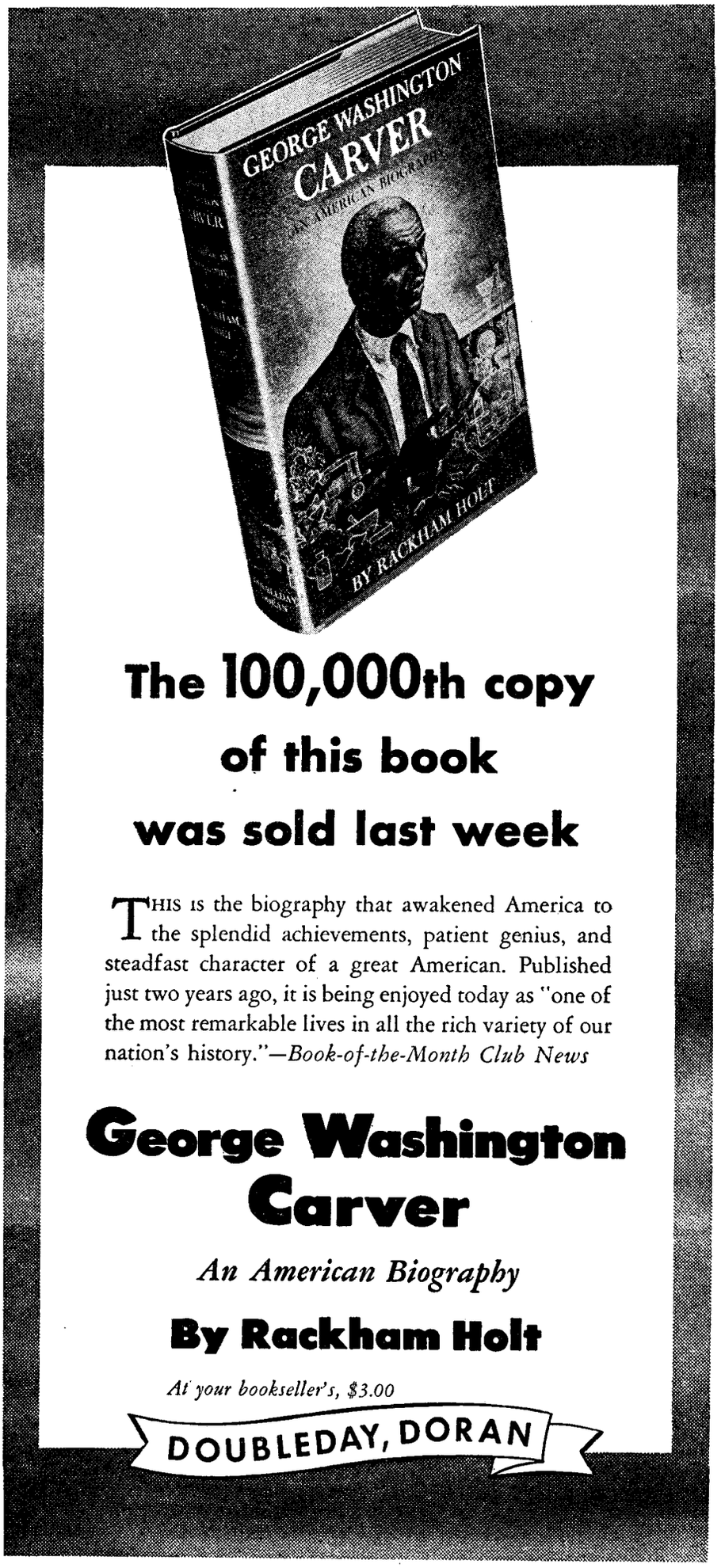

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DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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BY THE accident of accommodating a scholar who wished to see the letters Henry Holt once wrote to Thomas Hardy, we unearthed some crumbling, yellowed books of Mr. Holt's correspondence. Long after our visitor had departed, several of us browsed, to our intense delight and edification, among the day-to-day activities of this publisher in the years 1876 to 1889. It was further support for a conviction we've always had about a publishing house: that its past is the inspiration of its present and its future. We, in the ninth decade of the firm's existence, have always known by the titles he published that Henry Holt himself was a great publisher. But the following letters show how he conducted business and handled the hundreds of large and small problems so similar to those which confront us today.

To a difficult author

You're one of the toughest men to correspond with and one of the pleasantest men to talk with I ever came across. Now let's drop this discussion until we can talk it over. I'd give up the trifle involved five times over rather than try to settle the question by correspondence. Perhaps you will be edified to know that it is with W—— just as it is with you. When we talk, things settle themselves at once. The more we write, the more they get mixed. All of which goes to show that great scholars should visit their publishers oftener.

And to an author who has not been too scrupulous in financial matters

It's all a mystery to me and not a very inspiring one.

On recommending a competing house

The present generation of this publishing house is a great improvement on the first one. It's not to my interest to praise my competitors, so you will know what weight to attach to my saying that for some of them—especially for Mr. J——, the head of the house —I have a very high regard. Take all of their money that you can get: there's not much money as clean.

On intimating to an author that his latest book was not up to standard

I want to thank you for the very great pleasure I have had within a fortnight in reading your last book, and at the risk of appearing fulsome, to tell you that the work of no living English novelist delights me as much as yours. Perhaps this may excuse my telling you, however, that so far as I can judge, your recent rapid production has not maintained the effect produced here by your earlier books. Certainly your powers justify all the deliberation and patient working that apparently went to the construction of those masterpieces.

To Austin Dobson, a good friend

The "two pairs" go to you by this mail, with my compliments. Do you know a certain American game in which that term often occurs? If you don't, don't learn it.

On publishing "unprofitable" books

If business were in any sort of condition here, I might be tempted by it on the same grounds you were. I try to believe that I too "love a good book and willingly bleed at times." We're all rather anaemic here just now, though.

And again

The shores of publishing are strown with wrecks of books by authors whose first books were successful.

On paying a friend a "reader's fee"

Tell me, now, what publications of mine you covet enough for their possession to compensate you for the trouble with Johnson's collection, and name enough to ensure your readiness to take more trouble for an equivalent amount. Or, if you'd rather have something baser than books, tell me how many hours you spent on it, and I'll do as the custom is with those here who make more or less of a business of such work. The tariff here is, per hour,

Females—unaided light of nature.....50¢
Males—general knowledge.....$1.00
Ditto—special knowledge—don't have any regular tariff and, in fact, are not known in the business, but I think they are entitled to more than the general knowledge fellows.

On apologizing for a bookkeeper's mistake

When your letter arrived, our bookkeeper was off on vacation. Now, on his return, we ask him how he made the average rate of last year 1¼% and he is unable to say. The amount being so trifling, he probably jumped at it. (He is not instructed, however, to try when he jumps to land towards our side.) But now for the principle's sake, we have devoted to the problem the best mathematical skill that we can . . . We credit you the difference between $1.56 and $1.11.

We *intended* to figure, before, exactly in accordance with the principles which you afterwards expressed in yours of the 16th, and we think that now after some elaborate efforts we have at last succeeded.

Believe me, dear Madam, I remain,
Faithfully and sincerely yours,
Henry Holt

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Rising Stock of Dr. Hayek

American Business Has Found a Shining New Prophet

LAWRENCE K. FRANK

A BOOK unobtrusively published last fall by a university press has skyrocketed to national prominence in recent weeks. It is "The Road to Serfdom," by Friedrich A. Hayek, an Austrian economist who almost overnight has been hailed a major prophet by a section of American business and professional men. He has become the spokesman for the economic beliefs which flourished up to 1929, but since then have not had a wide or sympathetic audience. Various organizations, including the National Association of Manufacturers, are recommending Dr. Hayek's book. Last month *The Reader's Digest* published a somewhat sharpened condensation; and the Book-of-the-Month Club is now publishing more than a million reprints for bulk and single distribution. *Fortune Magazine* has praised Dr. Hayek and assigned the latest Beveridge volume to him for review. In the meantime, Dr. Hayek has been making a whirlwind (and some say triumphal) lecture tour of the United States. Seldom have an economist and a non-fiction book reached such popularity in so short a time.

But it is not surprising that Dr. Hayek should be so acclaimed and given such a "build-up." He has provided a vigorous restatement of what many believe and want to hear. His book appeals to those who oppose any and all efforts at economic planning and to a large public who do not understand what his ideas mean or where they come from.

Dr. Hayek tells us that national economic planning in Italy and Germany led directly to totalitarianism and in Russia, it was the chief instrument of state regimentation. With these examples as evidence, he warns us that the current efforts and proposals for national economic planning in England and in the United States will, if we persist, lead to the same fate, of a totalitarian government, the loss of human freedom, and the cessation of all progress—hence the title, "The Road to Serfdom."

Dr. Hayek assumes that what has appeared in one country or national group, with its cultural traditions and its predominant character-structure can be naively applied or transferred to people with other cultural traditions and a different way of life and character-structure.

What Dr. Hayek and his admirers say seems plausible until we remember that the national economic planning and the totalitarian governments they cite occurred among peoples who had no traditions of self-government and political freedom, and who never accepted the conception of individuality and the kind of social ethics which are characteristic of England and the United States. In each of the countries described by Dr. Hayek, the individual has historically been an instrument of the State, to be ordered, forbidden, and used ruthlessly by the State and the governing group for its own purposes. In all the dictator countries people have been reared to accept authority, both secular and theological, and to submit to regulation of their lives, with and without economic planning, as in the dictator countries which Dr. Hayek does not mention, *e.g.,* Portugal, Spain, and Japan. National economic planning in the dictator countries, like all the other forms of state control, continued this well-established practice of domination and exploitation of people, technologies and resources for the State or those controlling the State. Those policies and the coercion and regimentation of all activities were accepted by the people generally (a few dissenting) as an expression of their ideals and traditions and as necessary to the way of life they believed in.

Proposals for economic planning and governmental action in England and in the United States arise from a different set of traditions and express other beliefs and intent. In both of these countries there is a well-established tradition of the place and rights of the individual as paramount over the government, which is conceived not as an authoritarian power but as an agency for the common good, to be invoked when people need help, protection, and assistance.

TO understand this concept of planning and the legislation which attempts to regulate, control, and forbid various practices in England and the United States, it is necessary to recall the social-economic-political context and problems to which planning and legislation are addressed.

When the guilds were succeeded by the enterprising producer-businessmen toward the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries, little or none of the guild tradition of responsibility (very inadequate according to present-day social standards) survived the passing of the handicraftsman-petty trader. Thus, Thomas, Richard, and Henry, who started up factories and business activities as independent private enterprises in the hope of profits, refused to recognize or to accept any responsibility for the consequences of their activities for their employees and families, their customers, or social order. They had no traditions of responsibility and they claimed immunity from any ethical-moral or value considerations except those of pecuniary profit and loss. These early enterprisers and their successors justified their stand by an appeal to economic theories and economic laws (*e.g.,* the iron law of wages so firmly upheld by Ricardo) and rationalized what they

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did by attributing everything to the "forces of competition."

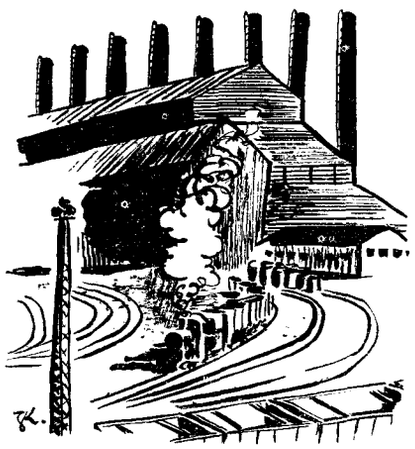
Social legislation designed to regulate and forbid what businessmen were doing was later enacted in response to repeated and prolonged protests and after interminable delays, in order to curb these activities that threatened various groups. Beginning with the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Sherman Anti-Trust Act about 1890, there has been a series of such acts and commissions, each provoked by the necessity of curbing or regulating the irresponsible activities of industry and business and professional practices, as, for example, the Securities and Exchange Commission after 1929. In England the record of social legislation is similar but usually it has come two or three decades ahead of the United States, as Mrs. Lynd has shown in her recent volume, "England in the Eighteen Eighties."

Legislation has sought to regulate employment, to forbid hazardous and dangerous occupations, to provide compensation and medical care of injured employees, and more recently to provide social security against unemployment and old age, for those who, in the face of an urban, money economy, are helpless to meet those exigencies unaided.

EVERY such step has been bitterly opposed, by fair means and foul, by those whose practices or negligence made such legislation necessary. Much of the legislation has failed of its purpose because of opposition, evasion, or sabotage, but such failures do not diminish the meaning and significance of the intent and of the methods employed. Social legislation is the effort, on the part of people themselves, by constitutional means, to obtain needed protection and assistance in those areas or fields where private enterprise, individual and corporate, has refused to accept responsibility for the human and social consequences of its decisions and its activities.

Looked at in this perspective, it would appear that the proposals for economic planning in England and the United States are expressions of our ethos, the ethical-moral traditions of a people who for many years have regarded their government as their instrumentality for whatever action was necessary to ward off the threats to their life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness and to protect the freedom they cherish. This is quite a different tradition and setting from the people who have long been committed to Statism and accepted authoritarian governments to which businessmen have been largely subservient, if not partners in regimenting the lives of people.

The foregoing is not offered as a



plea for, or a defense of, social legislation and economic planning. Those who have closely observed what was attempted in 1917-1918 by the War Industries Board and other war boards, again in the middle 1930's with the National Recovery Administration, and now in the present war with the many war agencies and controls, must agree that national economic planning, even for war, is a prodigious task. Our efforts have not been too successful, partly because of the difficulties of the task, but also because of passive or active resistance and especially the calculated sabotage by irresponsible individuals and groups.

Anyone who reflects upon the situation will realize that proposals for national economic planning are not only in our tradition but are encouraging signs that the English and American people believe that something can be done through popular, free government to protect themselves against the threats of unemployment, the fear of want and disaster, by planning how to utilize our resources, our technology, and our man- and womanpower for the general welfare. The belief that many of our businessmen have not yet learned to be responsible will be confirmed by the very acclaim given to Dr. Hayek's polemic against English and American planners and his reiterated statements that we must trust our lives and our national welfare to the "forces of competition."

It is not my purpose to defend national economic planning against which a more devastating criticism may be directed, namely, that *national* economic planning may fail completely to recognize the necessity for *world* economic planning if we are to achieve any world order. National economic planning may be a vehicle (and in the minds of some planners it is so regarded) for a self-sufficient nationalism or autarchy which even in a free society can be a massive obstacle to world order. Moreover, *national* economic planning may, like other nationalistic groups, fail to recognize the necessity for redirecting business enterprise and technology to the larger world tasks for which they are now ready, but blocked by diplomacy, military policy, and similar nationalistic survivals.

As Mrs. Langer's article in the March *Fortune,* "Make Your Own World," so cogently explains, businessmen must assume even greater responsibilities. We cannot today tolerate the "irrational forces of competition" to continue the international anarchy that periodically erupts into war as another expression, not of deliberate intent by businessmen (peace to the writers of the 1920's!) but of irresponsibility for the consequences of their competitive trading, and business and financial activities.

Dr. Hayek's book merits study not merely as a controversial piece to be defended or attacked according to the sympathies and interests of the debaters. Whatever uses the book may be put to, there is no question about Dr. Hayek's sincerity and personal integrity. His volume is important because it raises the central question of our times—the nature of social order and the place of the individual in that order. It attempts to answer that question by using concepts and a way of thinking that are not *merely* obsolete but, in the new climate of opinion today, are almost archaic.

IF we will look back in our intellectual history, we will see how the Newtonian conception of a system maintained in equilibrium by the operation of large-scale forces, acting at a distance, captured the imagination in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It provided a concept which could be used, both as a polemic against the existing order and as a pattern for new theories and arrangements which would supersede the older scheme of things.

Thus, when the political theorists began to attack absolute power and divine right and to demand political freedom, they invoked the doctrine of natural law and proposed a scheme of government on the Newtonian model. In place of royal and ecclesiastical authority, they asserted that a government of political rights and duties should be established, as a self-regulating, equilibrating system. This was the model which early in the eighteenth century was adopted by the English. The full expression of the Newtonian concept appears in our own Constitution with its system of checks and balances and three separate branches of government (which England gave up after a brief trial, as President Lowell pointed out).

Later, toward the end of the eighteenth century, when new inventions and expanding opportunities for trade made the historically developed parlia-

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mentary regulations and guild rules no longer desirable because they hampered production and commerce, economic theorists likewise invoked the Newtonian model. They conceived of economic events as arising from an economic system, operating through economic forces which controlled all economic life and so kept the system in equilibrium.

Thus, in 1776, Adam Smith, wishing to displace the established economic order and to inaugurate the new arrangements, pleaded in "The Wealth of Nations" for freedom of enterprise to exploit the new machinery and to enlarge foreign trade, unhampered by parliamentary regulations and guild prescriptions. He denounced these survivals of the older order as interfering with economic progress and invoked the guidance of the "unseen hand," because he was persuaded that there existed an economic system, with economic forces which would automatically regulate all activities, maintain equilibrium, and bring social benefits from selfish strivings.

Succeeding economists accepted this Newtonian model and skilfully developed a coherent body of theory explaining everything that happened as the result of these economic forces and economic laws. They ignored the few dissenting voices or explained away any reservations or contrary beliefs, even when expressed by such leaders as Jeremy Bentham or John Stuart Mill, as Mrs. Lynd has pointed out.

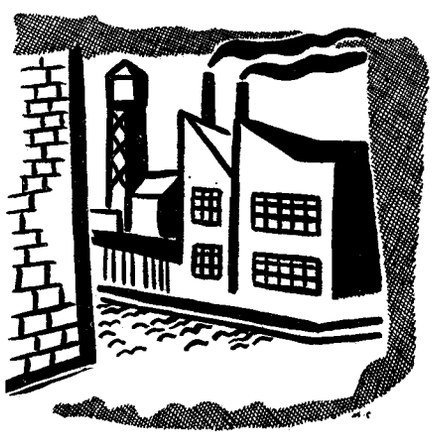
In the same tradition, then, sociologists accepted the Newtonian conception and explained social life and social order as a natural system or mechanism operated by large-scale social forces. In the hands of Herbert Spencer these ideas dominated social theory and provided an explanation and a justification for whatever existed.

THE nineteenth century was committed to the Newtonian conception and viewed social order as a part of nature, a system or mechanism, existing somewhere between the earth and sky, operated by large forces, political, economic, and social, which governed all social events. Thus, everything that happened, for good or evil, was natural and inevitable and beyond man's reach or even understanding. Indeed, it was impious and destructive to attempt to interfere with these forces. When later in the century the cumulative misery and degradation of the "satanic mills" was beginning to undermine this faith in the beneficent operation of economic forces, the Darwinian conception of the biological struggle for existence served to reinforce the waning belief in the efficacy of unrestrained competition. Newton and Darwin were joined in the doctrine of social Darwinism (See "Social Darwinism in American Thought," by Richard Hofstader) to maintain these earlier beliefs and economic practices.

These concepts have been the basic ideas in our classic economic theory. Their coercive role in thinking is shown by the way the opponents of the classical school accepted much the same concepts and likewise assumed the existence of an economic system; only they asserted that the system was not entirely beneficent or beyond human interference. Even Karl Marx was influenced by Newton and Darwin, whose concepts he fused into a powerful polemic against classical economics and things as they are, asserting the inevitable operation of economic laws and forecasting the evolutionary development of the kind of society he championed.

Now it has become evident that these basic assumptions and the organizing conceptions of economic and social theory have become obsolescent in the light of the emerging new climate of opinion, with the concept of the "field," of space-time, of relativity, of quantum and neuclear physics and the reformulation of the ideas of a force (space rate of energy) and of power (time rate of energy). These shifts in thinking show that most of our classic economic theory is but an elaborate metaphor and the assumption of an economic "system," as a part of nature, is gratuitous and misleading. Moreover, the cumulative observations on other societies, built upon different cultural traditions, with their peculiar assumptions and values, show that each society has its own economic "system," its historically developed institutions and practices and arrangements. These differ markedly from our own "money economy" of free enterprise, as shown by Margaret Mead in "Competition and Coöperation Among Primitive People."

The political, economic, and social theories based on these Newtonian concepts served as a useful polemic to release us from the surviving institutions and practices of medieval life. They



rationalized the explosive outburst of energy and fertility in the nineteenth century which brought an amazing productivity but also an appalling misery, exploitation, and degradation. It would appear, however, that these theories are predicated upon the ancient belief in man's helplessness in the face of superhuman and supernatural powers and forces.

FROM the early days of man's reflective thinking he has been essentially defeatist about human life and social order. All through history man has been told (or has told himself) in his religion, his philosophy, his law, and his art, that he was a weak, helpless, impotent creature, subject to these superhuman and supernatural powers and controls and that social order was divinely ordained or inherent in nature. Whatever happened was, therefore, inevitable and unchangeable and man must be resigned to accept whatever happened as necessary and, could he but understand it, as desirable. Wars, plagues and epidemics, natural catastrophes, the tyranny of rulers, and the exploitation of the many by the few, have been explained and justified by these theories which always tell man he is abjectly helpless. Indeed, these disasters and oppressions are often interpreted as well merited punishment for his lack of piety or as necessary trials to strengthen his character.

As Mrs. Lynd shows, economic theory in the nineteenth century was the instrument for justifying God's ways to man and for making the misery and degradation of the poverty-stricken mill and mine workers appear as both inevitable and desirable. Likewise, Herbert Spencer asserted with all the authority of his position, that no one should attempt to interfere with the automatic self-regulating social laws and forces which beneficently operated to eliminate the unfit.

In the context of nineteenth-century thinking, these ideas and teachings were reasonable and acceptable, but today they appear as utterly defeatist and cynical. When Dr. Hayek tells us that we can enjoy freedom only by "submission to the irrational forces of competition" and that "the only alternative to submission to *impersonal* and seemingly irrational forces of the market is submission to the arbitrary power of men," he preaches the ancient doctrine of human helplessness and defeatism which has been utilized so long to compel man to submit to every and all indignities and exploitation in the name of superhuman and supernatural authority, power, or forces. The tragic irony of the situation is that these doctrines of man's impotence have been utilized through-

(*Continued on page* 26)

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Dictator, American Style

A LION IS IN THE STREETS. By Adria Locke Langley. New York: Whittlesey House. 1945. 482 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

THE life and death of Huey Long, our own home-grown Louisiana dictator, has already inspired more than one novel; I am thinking particularly of John Dos Passos's "Number One," which was a good job. Miss Langley's book seems to me, for a number of reasons, even a better one. As a matter of fact, Dos Passos did not really make a novel of Long, but used him as a prop in somebody else's story, that of the inevitable right-hand publicity man. He accepted his Number One Dictator as we all have done, as an historical assumption, as a completed character, the tough, dangerous man out to get us all. That made him a walk-on, already typed.

Miss Langley has quite another approach, more thorough and more artistic (in this immediate comparison, of course. She may or may not become the artist Dos Passos proved to be long ago.) She takes Hank Martin from his beginnings. She asks the important questions: Where did this man come from? How did he grow? Upon what meat did this our Caesar feed? And, most wisely and most superbly, she does this not in any historical or documentary manner, but from the warm, human vantage point of one who can see him intimately, with love. It is his wife whose vision we share.

We get into the story by means of a device that is quite effective here despite its familiarity. The governor has been assassinated in his beautiful new state capitol. His body lies in state, the assassin is being hunted, the man who has done a lot of Martin's publicity work is now at the radio delivering a long biographical elegy. And as this comes over the air Verity Martin is listening to it and being drawn back by phrases of it here and there, to her remembered life with Martin. Snatches of the brief radio account, well-done and finely worded, appear throughout as a kind of text to illumine the chapters. It isn't Verity's story, let us note that at once. It isn't a woman's sentimental and forgiving reverie upon her husband. It is Hank Martin whose stamp is upon the book, a compelling, gifted, remorseless, fatal, and fated man. She sees him clearly and whole, she rejoices in his early, impassioned espousal of the cause of the poor, she is aghast at his steady corruption, his easy hypocrisy, and veiled ferocity. She moves in the wake of his course with all the others, without being able to deflect it. She is as much the fascinated onlooker as everyone else in Hank Martin's career.

Miss Langley has developed Martin with as much care and freedom as though she had created him. He would be as real to us, and as fascinating, if there were no actual model for him in the faded newspapers. This is the measure of her success. We do not have to fill in what we know. He breathes, he grows, is credible. From the moment he appears with his peddler's cart out of the Louisiana swampland, to marry Verity and carry her off, he is recognizable in all of his rich endowments, his energy, charm, warmth, his compelling flow of homely speech, his impulsive naturalness. He drips, literally, with the juice of nature. He is already, as a peddler, a king among men. And Miss Langley does a beautiful job of portraiture with these men—the poor whites, the so-called "trash," sharecroppers and cotton-pickers, swamp dwellers and alligator-hunters, hungry and dispossessed. To these comes Hank Martin with his infectious joy of living, his endless Biblical philosophizing, his shrewd diatribes against the rich cotton-planters and industrialists, his boundless ambitions for himself and his plans to drag the swamp folk up with him.

This he does, step by step. It is a vivid march to power. Every battle with the interests he attacks feeds his strength, enlarges his following, magnifies his personal and political power. Personally he grows like a tropic plant, exuding an irresistible scent that draws people helplessly within his orbit. Miss Langley makes a good deal, probably correctly, of his sexual attractiveness; it is part of the power he wields, manifesting itself to men as a dream of freedom, to women as a dream more potent and immediate. They come to him unbidden, and some of them play vital parts in his history. Politically he develops along the known lines—the tie-up with machine gangsters, the sell-outs of the people, the growth of tax-tributes, the emergence of a gigantic plan for power that was punctuated by the bullet. Miss Langley does not make any social or political comment upon his career, and I think it may be taken as proven that his career, when spread before us, makes explicit comment unnecessary. His words are precise and revelatory. His actions explain themselves, even when he does not explain them.

Seeing him thus before us as large as life, striding like a lion among those who believe in him, we come to understand him and them alike. We perceive the fundamental, cold, calculating, and, above all, destructive element, functioning behind the façade of warm, embracing personality. I think there is more to be said on the social and economic ferment that prepares the way for a man such as Hank Martin, but if we are to begin with the man himself we have here, in Martin, a comprehensive study of the American-type dictator, perhaps the best thus far.

—SRL *Wood Engraving by Frances O'Brien Garfield*

Miss Langley "has developed her hero with as much care and freedom as though she had created him."

Last Perimeter

By Sgt. Hargis Westerfield

THIS is the final perimeter; no crawling Jap
Infiltrates here among the tight-ranked crosses
Marked by the dog-tags: name of a
Kentucky ridge-runner, a Gary steel-mill
Polak, pentagon of a Jew,
Negro from Pensacola with equal rights
To these red-clay fox-holes ringed
By jungle hills: the American dream
Realized in New Guinea. Merchants of death,
Hitler's men, race-rioters, pogromists,
Never draw near our final perimeter;
Take care at twilight, when ghostly outguards
Back into their holes, watching the brush,
And we crouch night-long, burning eyed:
Stay out of our fields of fire, our grenades of scorn.

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Hindsight on Tocqueville's Foresight

DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA. By Alexis de Tocqueville. Edited by Phillips Bradley. Foreword by Harold Laski. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1945. *Vol. I,* 434 *pp. Vol. II,* 401 *pp.* $6.

Reviewed by LT. COL. T. V. SMITH

FOR a century each successive edition of Tocqueville's "Democracy in America" has been timely; but this latest edition is most opportune. Professor Bradley traces in France, England, and America the original reception of the work, its contemporary revival of influence, and then estimates with both ability and justice, though in a style plebian to the Frenchman's brilliance, Tocqueville's foresight through the vantage of contemporary hindsight. The Frenchman comes off well in this estimation: not without correction by events, but with far fewer scars than France herself has sustained in the tragic interim. He comes off well because his two great vollumes constitute, as Harold Laski says in a scintillating if brief Foreword, "perhaps the greatest work ever written on one country by the citizen of another."

This edition appears at just the right international juncture to constitute a sort of aureole upon the restoration to security and unity of Tocqueville's nationalistic trinity: of France, his native land, rising with bravado from the ruins; of England, his "adopted" land, steady in majestic triumph over fear and hate, and of America, object of his study and subject of his fame, host this hour to the other two, and to many more, but especially to a third country which figured in Tocqueville's concern for the future. While Molotov holds the center of the stage at San Francisco, we may fittingly recall a sentence from Tocqueville's concluding paragraph, on Russia and America as (then) future mistresses of the world. "Though their starting point is different," he says, "and their course . . . not the same; yet," so he records it, "each of them seems marked out by the Will of Heaven to sway the destinies of half the globe." When that was written (1835) America was yet young, and Russia younger still in any ideal promise.

Such bold and even bizarre clairvoyance apart, Tocqueville saw Americans as Englishmen made more democratic by environment; and he saw them together the fated carriers of a collective virus which if it produced its own immunity short of tyranny (of the majority) would then only level his aristocratic world to mediocrity. Democracy he made out to be equality, and equality he thought even at its best to spell the death of distinction. Tocqueville not only saw this relation between equality and mediocrity; but he foresaw it coming to the whole world. A recent incident of an American in England may both lighten subsequent criticism and yet emphasize the point of the criticism.

Strolling in loquacious Hyde Park, London, a few months ago, I asked in turn several Englishmen of different orating groups where I should go to find the truth. "I am just an American soldier," I pleaded. "I came out here to see if I could not find out what to believe about things. One speaker, however, says one thing, another, another thing. I have grown more confused than ever; and now I simply don't know what to believe about anything. Would you not, please, advise me which group to listen to here in order to get at the truth?"

A middle-aged man told me to go down to a sweating socialist speaker: he would set me on to the right track. A young woman pointed me to another young woman speaker who was a Communist, and advised me to listen to her. An old man was positive that an oratund atheist near by would set me right. An elderly lady, looking at my uniform, took a motherly interest and advised me not to believe any of the speakers. They were, she said, "all radicals." If I would come apart from the crowd and sit on the bench, she would tell me what to believe. So it went for an hour or more: nobody cracking a smile, everybody showing sufficient interest in my soul's welfare, none seeming to doubt that truth was available, and only one appearing to suspect that I might have to go elsewhere than good old Hyde Park to possess myself of it.

This experience came back to me again and again as I reread Tocqueville. The moral of the tale is as reassuring as the matter of it was amusing. It is the moral—the heart of the Anglo-American—which I suspect Tocqueville somehow missed. It is that men can have Truth (or Goodness or Beauty or Justice) without monopolizing it. They can have it, that is, and yet not deny that others, who differ from them, have it too. In saying that "they" can have it, I mean that *every one* can have it. Now both Tocqueville's birth and religion worked to prevent his fully discerning this resolute, this sturdy individualism in men of birth more humble than his and of religion deeply protestant to his own. Anglo-Saxony boasts an individualism so stalwart that it can afford tolerance in religion and can stomach compromise in politics.

As touching religion, Tocqueville's conviction was that no society could exist apart from a sacerdotal foundation (in the conventional sense of monotheism and immortality—may St. Marx save the mark on Russia!), and that men would not be able to think up the proper credo for themselves but must have it handed to them ready-made. "Of all the kinds of dogmatic belief," says he, "the most desirable appears to me to be dogmatic belief in matters of religion." So he doubted for his own part, in spite of such American examples as Paine and Jefferson, "whether man can ever support at the same time complete religious independence and entire political freedom." Not only could he not conceive the sturdiness of individual conscience that had originally made America of Pilgrim and Puritan conscience, but he could not conceive as of lasting influence the tolerance which had made America one land of many religions, each purified of power and protected from it by the presence and competition of the others. To the contrary, as he seems to think, "men living in democratic times . . . almost as readily conceive that there should be no religion as that there should be several" (he had better said that there should be *only* one). So like a good sectarian, under the guise of catholicity, Tocqueville prophesies that religious America would return "to the Church of Rome." This judgment is hard on Citizen Paine who was religious but whose own mind, one remembers, was his own church. It would have been hard in the event—had its implication eventuated—upon all of us who see in the separation of state and church (and the consequent pluralization of church) as much protection for the state as of purity for the church.

Tocqueville's failure to see through the fringe of institutionalism to the

(*Continued on page* 23)

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A Romance of Engineering

THE BUILDERS OF THE BRIDGE: The Story of John Roebling and His Son. By D. B. Steinman. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1945. 457. pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE GENZMER

THIS book is a story of father and son, of the bridges that they built, and especially of that beautiful and daring bridge over the East River that was their crowning achievement. After more than sixty years of continuous use, it is still a thing of beauty and an efficient, indispensable servant of man, carrying daily in safety triple the burden for which it was originally designed. Other spans, higher, longer, and more glittering, have since been thrown across our great waterways, and in the minds of too many people Brooklyn Bridge has been dwarfed into a grimy commonplace. It appears to have remained, however, the favorite of poets and artists; and engineers, if they have any feeling for the history of their art, will never lose their admiration for it. Mr. Steinman has both reasons and authority peculiarly his own for his convictions.

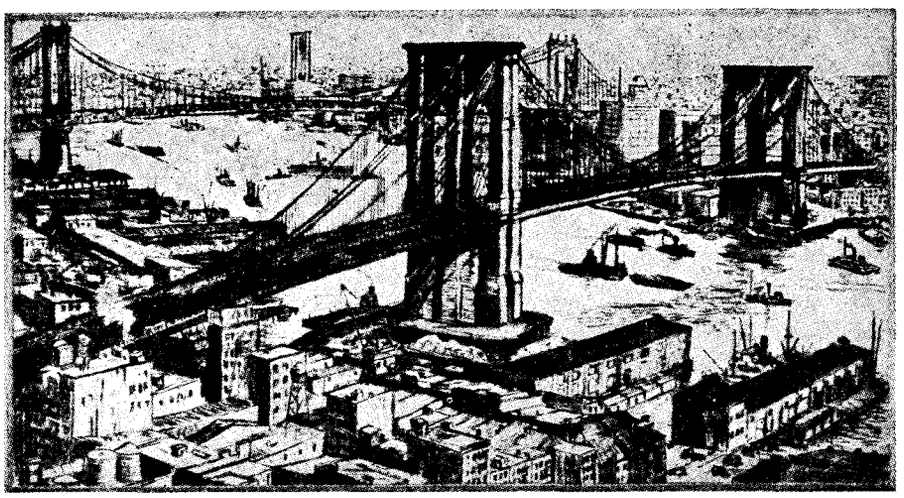
As a boy he lived in the shadow of the Bridge, and the vastness and majesty of this man-made structure filled his mind with an awe that perhaps bordered on the mystical. He spent fascinated days in examining the details of its construction, its anchorages and cables, towers and stays, beams and trusses. The Bridge came to dominate his imagination and to fire him with ambition to become a bridge engineer. That ambition, which seemed at the time chimerical, was in due course realized. David Barnard Steinman is one of the eminent bridge engineers of our time. In his native city his work is embodied in the Tri-Borough and Henry Hudson bridges and in the plans for the titanic span that may sometime soar across the Narrows of New York Harbor. The roster of other bridges that he has designed or helped to erect on five continents is long and notable. He is famous among his colleagues not only for his successful solutions of formidable engineering problems but for the grace and beauty of his structures. His influence has had much to do with the increasing preference of engineers, during the past twenty-five years, for bridges of the suspension type. In the spirit and methods of his work he has been a continuator of the Roebling tradition.

"The Builders of the Bridge," he explains in his preface, was undertaken as a labor of love in partial discharge of his indebtedness to John Roebling and his son. It is no mere eulogy. It is a work of prolonged and exact research so extensive that the necessities of wartime compelled the reduction of the documentation to a bare bibliography of twenty-three pages. The narrative itself, so solidly based in technical scholarship, is skilfully organized and integrated, and its detailed discussions of each of the great Roebling bridges are masterpieces of exposition for the layman. Few readers, I believe, will be able to finish the book without having acquired a permanent curiosity about bridge building. The main strength of the book lies in its combination of profound understanding of the two Roeblings as men and in expert appreciation of their achievements.

Mr. Steinman's judgment on the elder Roebling—and he would probably apply it with little qualification to his son Washington—is that he was no mere technician or technologist but "a real engineer in the higher sense of the term," and what he means by its higher sense he states in a satisfactorily explicit passage: "Contrary to the popular conception, the calculation of stresses and sections, the designing of members and details, and the supervision of their erection are not the only things a bridge engineer has to do. In addition, he has to conceive a project, develop it, verify and demonstrate its economic justification, battle opposition and secure authorization, wrestle with the problems of legislation and financing, determine the best location from both engineering and city-planning considerations, determine the best type and layout for economy, efficiency, and durability, plan approaches and connections for maximum convenience and safety of traffic, design the form, lines, and proportions of the structure for beauty as well as for strength, select and specify the best materials for the work, prepare construction contracts and specifications, deal with public officials, property owners, clients, contractors, and material men, present recommendations and reports in a clear and convincing style, and—above all—have a sound and comprehensive grasp of the civic and social import and influence of his plans. Few men in the history of the profession have measured up to this mark. Roebling was one of the "few." The chapters on Roebling's principal bridges—the Monongahela at Pittsburgh, the Niagara railway bridge, the Cincinnati-Covington, and the Allegheny at Pittsburgh—are detailed case histories of the application of these principles and lead up to the full treatment of the Brooklyn Bridge which occupies the latter third of the volume.

John August Roebling was born at Mühlhausen in Thuringia in 1806 and received his engineering training at the Royal Polytechnic Institute in Berlin, where he also became a favorite pupil of the philosopher Hegel. Suspension bridges were still few and of doubtful utility, but young Roebling made a close study of such a bridge at Bamberg for his graduation thesis. It was a short span hung from four iron chains, a toy compared with the structures that Roebling would begin to design two decades later. Finding little opportunity in Germany, he emigrated to the United States, was for several years the leader of an agricultural community in western Pennsylvania, but soon turned again to the practice of his profession. Experience with the awkward, not too efficient hempen cables used on the canal planes of Pennsylvania led to his invention of wire rope, which for some years he manufactured in a rope-walk at his home in Saxonburg, Pa. In 1848 he

(*Continued on page 24*)



—From an etching by William C. McNulty

The Brooklyn Bridge "appears to have remained the favorite of poets and artists."

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German Plans for the Next War

THE PLOT AGAINST THE PEACE. By Michael Sayers and Albert E. Kahn. New York: Dial Press. 1945. 258 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by WAVERLEY ROOT

THERE are many who do not believe that the whole solution of post-war problems consists in ruthless represson of Germany. But those who feel that the chance for future peace will be better if the minimum restraint compatible with security is imposed upon the Reich, so that desire for revenge will not provide the motive for a third attack upon Germany's neighbors, are met with one formidable obstacle when they attempt to make their plans on the basis of forgiveness of the past and a helping hand for Germans: the Germans themselves will have none of it.

For the Germans (or at least those leaders whom the nation has followed consistently since the days of Bismarck) do not want peace. They want another war and victory. Defeated in their second attempt in a quarter-century to establish Prussian domination over the world, they are not content to exchange relinquishment of their objective for an opportunity to regain in the future the right they have forfeited to an equal place among peaceful nations. They are maintaining that objective. They plan to fight a Third World War to achieve it, if they are allowed to do so. Their plans for waging it are already being carried out.

It is of these plans that Michael Sayers and Albert E. Kahn tell us in their third work in collaboration, which they subtitle "A Warning to the Nation!" It is not only a warning, but an indictment—a sort of brief for the prosecution—in which all the elements of the case against Germany are brought together and added up to an impressive total of guilty action in the past and guilty intent for the future.

The facts presented are not new. They will be familiar, not only to the specialist, but to the careful newspaper reader. Yet the authors have performed a definite service by their work of synthesis. The organized marshalling of separate items of information which reached us one at a time over a period of many months gives them an impact which they can hardly have exerted, by cumulative effect, on most of those who absorbed them in small doses. The authors have been thorough in combing the sources for the significant facts and exceptionally successful in avoiding the errors which inevitably creep into such compilations. I noted no more than half a dozen minor slips among the thousands of factual statements the book contains, of which the most considerable was a reference to "the trial of

the Nazi-fascist Cagoulard conspirators in Paris." The *cagoulards* were never brought to trial.

One of the chief themes which emerges from the patient amassing of the evidence contained in this book is the continuity of the German drive for world domination, based on a political philosophy which sees peacetime and wartime as equally propitious to the advancement of the national aims. "Even the final decision of war is not to be regarded as absolute; the authors remind us that General Clausewitz wrote: "The conquered nation often sees it only as a passing phase, to be repaired in after times by political combinations." That Dr. Paul Joseph Goebbels is preparing to repair Germany's present defeat "by political combinations" is apparent in an article he wrote for *Das Reich* as recently as February 22, 1945, in which "he predicted that in 1948 'a Republican isolationist' would come into the White House and would immediately take steps to 'withdraw American troops from the devil's cauldron of Europe.' " And that Germany has *already* started to exploit the weakening of purpose she hopes will infect America is indicated by the very significant detail, underlined by the authors, that the German agents Colepaugh and Gimpel, recently caught after landing in the United States from a submarine, besides having with them enough money to last them several years, carried forged papers dated as far ahead as 1946, while others were left blank, to be dated as desired by special marking devices which they carried with them.

The danger here exposed is a real one. Messrs. Sayers and Kahn do not exaggerate it, nor do they need to do so. They have set down the facts, almost without comment. The facts speak for themselves, and eloquently.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU!

Be warned by the strange experiences of the characters in this week's quiz and be wary of what you eat or drink. As for scoring, allow 5 points for each character you can identify and another 5 for the story or author; 60 is par, 70 is very good, 80 or better is excellent. The answers are on page 27.

1. This extremely fat man took an ancient Hindu recipe for loss of weight and presently found himself bumping against the ceiling.
2. Overindulgence in some peculiar gin provided at an outdoor bowling party by a group of Dutch sailors put this man to sleep for twenty years.
3. A friar gave this girl a potion which put her into a death-like trance for forty-two hours.
4. This doctor gave four elderly friends some water from the Fountain of Youth which made them young again for an hour.
5. A potion which this doctor compounded and drank changed him into another person having all of the characteristics of the evil side of his nature.
6. As long as a bite from a poisoned apple stayed in her mouth she appeared to be dead.
7. Because she once ate six pomegranate seeds, this girl had to spend six months of every year underground.
8. After they had imbibed freely of her wine, this island enchantress turned a group of sailors into swine.
9. Having been transformed by enchantment into an ass, this young man succeeded, after many trials and tribulations, in eating a rose, thereby resuming his human shape.
10. After first looking to see if there was a poison label on it, this little girl drank the contents of a bottle marked DRINK ME, and proceeded to shrink to ten inches in height.

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Footnotes to History in China

MINOR HERESIES. By John J. Espey. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1945. 201 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by JOHN GOETTE

JOHN J. ESPEY looks back twenty-five years and across the wide Pacific. He looks back to his childhood at the Presbyterian mission cradled in the bend of the noisome, gay canal by the Little South Gate of the native city of Shanghai.

Chinese "alley brats" of nearby Mulberry Lane, led by the doughty Lady Bandit, advance and retreat before the young American and his sister, depending upon whether those urchins are on the receiving end of well-aimed brickbats or potted flowers offered in a burst of Christian endeavor.

For the first time, to my knowledge, an author reveals in full flavor the richness of vocabulary which our American children in China acquire through friendly, uninhibited association with Chinese servants.

Mr. Espey pokes fun at the "gentleman's agreement between the Lord and Presbyterians that they and their children keep the inner track to salvation, and have a reserved seat on the right hand of God." With this assurance of salvation, he dramatizes a battle in the mission's garden between him and the Lady Bandit, with his sister as an instigating audience.

The author is considerate of his readers as he says: "Only by purifying the Lady Bandit's Chinese, can I translate her words." Then we are treated to a lusty exchange of epithets, and finally the devastating flight of a brickbat. I quote:

> L. B. "Throw it if you dare, you dirty little bastard." J. J. E. "I will if you don't get out, you rotten turtle egg." L. B. "Stinking little white ape's abortion." J. J. E. "Putrid bitch of a running bitch's granddaughter." L. B. "Incestuous spawn of a camel's dung." J. J. E. "Bloody mother of your own brother."

With that prelude the brickbat flew. The Lady Bandit was marked for life. Mulberry Lane was roused and the stern Presbyterian honor of the Little South Gate mission was saved only by a strategem of its sage Chinese cook. For weeks after there was difficulty in balancing household books. "Every seventh night for ten weeks the cook disappeared into Mulberry Lane carrying twenty catties of polished rice."

Infant damnation and hell fire did not descend upon John Espey for this youthful Sino-American encounter nor for any of his many other robust sins. Instead he went on to the Shanghai American School, making the most of his association with the son of an American shipping magnate. He earned his B.A. and B.Litt., as well as a Phi Beta Kappa key, at Occidental College in Los Angeles, and eventually his M.A. from Oxford on a Rhodes Scholarship. Now, at thirty-two, he flourishes as a member of the English Department of his alma mater in California.

There is no real irreverence but many a solid chuckle as John Espey tells of his young days among "courtesy uncles, aunts, and aunties" in that Presbyterian flock. You see his admiration for the father who delivered a dictum "that set us apart as Presbyterians" and which "in our eyes, made Solomon little more than infantile beside Father."

The family was on a boat returning to China when the International Date Line cheated these Presbyterians out of a Sunday. The ship's log made it Monday, but when the children asked to go swimming, Espey Senior decreed: "Today is Sunday until twelve o'clock: after twelve o'clock, it is Monday."

You meet equal fondness for the Baptist mother marooned among the Presbyterians. She played solitaire behind the locked doors of her bedroom, and there she coached her son in the finer points of poker so that he might enlarge his pocket money at school.

There is oneness between the children and the severe missionary "aunt" who engaged the attention of their fourth in a game of rook, while the brother and sister peeked into the unsuspecting victim's hand.

The Minor Heresies, of course, are childhood strayings from the strict path of Calvin. They are indeed numerous but all are recounted with a sly humor that makes this really a book apart in both entertainment and humanness.

John Espey and his sister conducted a competition in lengthy bedside praying, encouraged or limited by the heating vagaries of an ancient drum stove. Our hero triumphed when he asked the Lord's sanctification for every living being he knew and for every inanimate object in the large house, closing with the "iron spider the cook used for killing scorpions."

"I ended my prayer secure in victory. Father just managed to stagger through the Lord's Prayer and his joints cracked as he rose from kneeling. Mother's eyes were glazed."

The miracle to me is that those long-suffering parents did not then and there forget all Christian charity, and, to use a phrase of the author, "beat the living hell" out of that prayerful young Presbyterian.

John Espey bridges much between America and China, and between the adult conception of life and that of an active-minded child. There are fine pictures of a great missionary spinster; and of the author's conflict over the simple word "home." Was it China where he lived, or was "home" that fabulous, hearsay, but rarely-visited place, America?

The author loves China. With his sister he took on so much of native ways that he endeavored to convert the cook through a wager. That amiable Chinese was pitted against the sister in seeing which could recite the Lord's Prayer the faster. If the little American won, the cook was to become a Christian. However, his tongue was the more agile. He earned the privilege of remaining a "heathen" by his masterful speed in prayer.

John Espey is deft with word and phrase, while the timing of his humor leaves me chuckling in retrospect. I read every line of "Minor Heresies," and I shall read it again—probably many times again.

Elect

By Sister Mary Jeremy

ONE bird was born to contravene
The law within his airy members
And choose in autumn Labrador.

Behold him with no leaf between
His slender breath and vast December's
Lone on that wild and ragged shore.

He lifts a numb ambitious wing
And compasses with gaping mouth
One flawless note and can no more.

With well-accustomed carolling
His brothers' voices fill the South,
But he will sing in Labrador.

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Foundations of a New Future

CITY DEVELOPMENT: STUDIES IN DISINTEGRATION & RENEWAL. By Lewis Mumford. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1945. 248 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by ALFRED MCCLUNG LEE

FOR two decades Lewis Mumford has been confronting city dwellers with something to which city dwellers develop an insensibility. He has told them how hideous are the aggregations of walls and floors, ceilings, streets, and conveyances in which they live, work, and try to play. He has pointed out what turmoils of people and buildings, of jostlings, noises, and smells, are doing to us. And out of his awareness of our urban environment he has developed a constructive philosophy of city and regional planning that "self-styled practical men" are likely to reject but that holds hope for some as to the future well-being of the captives in our protean citadels.

The fact that his ideas have made but little impact upon those in control of cities does not discourage Mumford. "As so often has happened during the last quarter century," Mumford notes with satisfaction, "the self-styled practical men turned out to be the weak irresponsible dreamers, afraid to face unpleasant facts, while those of us who were called dreamers have, perhaps, some little right to be accepted—at least belatedly—as practical men. By now history has caught up with our most dire prophecies. That is at once the justification of our thinking and the proof of its tragic failure to influence our contemporaries."

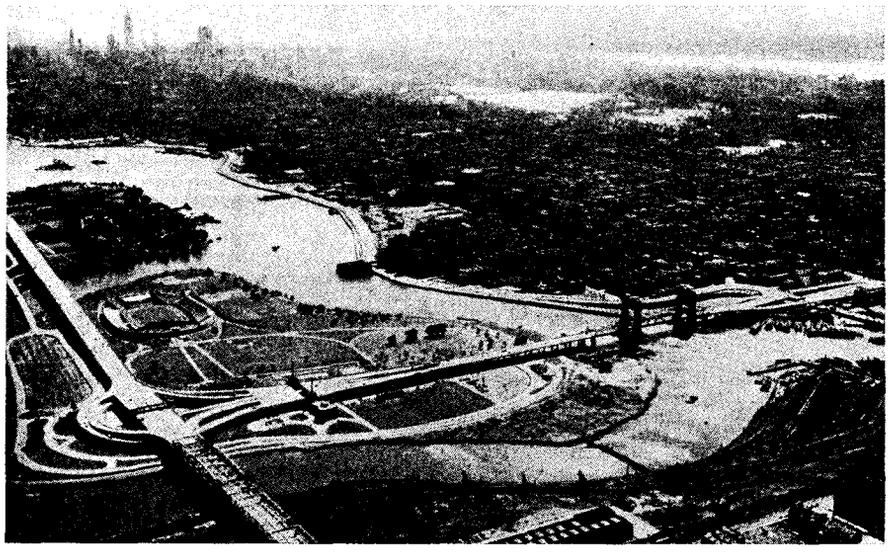
"City Development" is a collection of essays, otherwise inaccessible. It begins with "The City," published as a part of a symposium in 1922, and concludes with two not heretofore published in this country, "The Social Foundations of Post-War Building" and "The Plan of London." Also here are his challenging pieces on "The Metropolitan Milieu" (1934), "Mass-Production and Housing" (1930), and "Report on Honolulu" (1938), brought together into a book for the first time. It is a sincere tribute to the author to say that, regardless of date, all six of the essays are fresh and relevant today, as I suspect they will be for many years. The two final essays, "Post-War Building" and "The Plan of London," are especially useful because Mumford regards them as serving "to show what revisions have taken place in my thinking about the planning and ordering of cities, as a result of the catastrophe that has been steadily engulfing our whole civilization."

Two of the problems with which Mumford deals are always of considerable pertinence in any disquisition on planning. These are (1), the extent to which a plan has to be a fixed affair and (2), the degree to which the execution of a plan must be the responsibility of a "boss." Mumford rejects the notion of Walter Lippmann, in "The Good Society," on the first point. Lippmann believes that a changeable plan is not a plan, but Mumford takes a position similar to that of David E. Lilienthal in his "TVA: Democracy on the March." "Good planning," Mumford contends, "does not attempt to fix structures but to guide processes. The ability to meet fresh emergents—and fresh emergencies—is precisely what makes planning more effective than stolid routine or uncoördinated change." Unfortunately Mumford's ideas for breaking the planning log-jam of vested privileges and sentimental attachments to the status quo furnish no panacea short of bombings or the conventional "social revolution."

In connection with the second problem, that dealing with the character of planning authority, Mumford contends that flexibility and representation may be maintained through keeping in focus "the very first resource of intelligent planning: a basis in fact, a true picture of existing conditions, a many-sided contact with the life and activities whose physical structure they purpose to improve." He realizes that the "insulation of the 'expert' from lay criticism is too great a temptation to which to subject even the most able and conscientious," but he neglects to study adequately the dynamic side of plan control, the use of techniques of social manipulation to accomplish or defeat the planning goals he sets forth. In all too many cities, planning tends to become a cruel method of distracting criticism from destructive municipal and state policies, of nurturing pathetic hopes in the minds of those who must dwell in decaying, underserviced areas.

Mumford belongs to that school of social thought which rejects the will-o'-the-wisps of "progress" and faces the fact that "we are approaching the era of stabilization." He insists that "the time for long-range planning and for systematic coördinated planning is already upon us. We are now about to create the durable framework of the city." Just how one plans for a stable civilization through the development of a "durable framework" and still "not attempt to fix structures but to guide processes" is left rather vague, and perhaps rightly.

Regardless of the fact that Mumford does not answer here or, for that matter, elsewhere, many of the questions he raises, he has clear eyes that see and recoil from problems of our civilization to which the rest of us are too insensitive. His reporting of these problems and his criticisms of other planning philosophies, in vivid prose, are services enough.



—Illustration and caption from "Can Our Cities Survive?"

Daring highway constructions have appeared lately in some American cities. These constructions announce *a new urban scale.* In this view of the eastern side of Manhattan the foreground shows the approaches to the Triborough Bridge (1936) and the East River Drive (1939). The park area and the stadium on Randall's Island complete the modern side of this picture. The rest of it presents a *striking contrast:* East Harlem is still a mass of blighted tenements, their small scale corresponding to the old horse-and-buggy street pattern that still prevails in that district. The new flowing patterns of the highways and their landscaped areas do not belong to that period but to ours; *they predict a new city.*

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NOTES ON VICTORY

AGAIN, and again, my fellow citizens, mothers who lost their sons in France have come to me and, taking my hand, have shed tears upon it not only, but they have added: "God bless you, Mr. President!"

Why, my fellow citizens, should they pray God to bless me? I advised the Congress of the United States to create the situation that led to the death of their sons. I ordered their sons overseas. I consented to their sons being put in the most difficult parts of the battle line, where death was certain, as in the impenetrable difficulties of the forest of Argonne. Why should they weep upon my hand and call down the blessings of God upon me? Because they believe that their boys died for something that vastly transcends any of the immediate and palpable objects of the war. They believe, and they rightly believe, that their sons saved the liberty of the world. They believe that wrapped up with the liberty of the world is the continuous protection of that liberty by the concerted powers of all the civilized world.

They believe that this sacrifice was made in order that other sons should not be called upon for a similar gift—the gift of life, the gift of all that died—and if we did not see this thing through, if we fulfilled the dearest present wish of Germany and now dissociated ourselves from those alongside whom we fought in the war, would not something of the halo go away from the gun over the mantelpiece, or the sword? Would not the old uniform lose something of its significance?

These men were crusaders. They were going forth to prove the might of justice and right, and all the world accepted them as crusaders, and their transcendent achievement has made all the world believe in America as it believes in no other nation organized in the modern world.

My friends, on last Decoration Day I went to a beautiful hillside near Paris, where was located the cemetery of Suresnes, a cemetery given over to the burial of the American dead. Behind me on the slopes was rank upon rank of living American soldiers, and lying before me on the levels on the plain was rank upon rank of departed American soldiers. Right by the side of the stand where I spoke there was a little group of French women who had adopted those graves, had made themselves mothers of those dear ghosts by putting flowers every day upon those graves, taking them as their own sons, their own beloved, because they had died in the same cause—France was free and the world was free because America had come! I wish some men in public life who are now opposing the settlement for which these men died could visit such a spot as that. I wish that the thought that comes out of those graves could penetrate their consciousness. I wish that they could feel the moral obligation that rests upon us not to go back on those boys, but to see the thing through, to see it through to the end and make good their redemption of the world. For nothing less depends upon this decision, nothing less than the liberation and salvation of the world.

Now that the mists of this great question have cleared away, I believe that men will see the trust, eye to eye and face to face. There is one thing that the American people always rise to and extend their hand to, and that is the truth of justice and of liberty and of peace. We have accepted that truth and we are going to be led by it, and it is going to lead us, and through us the world, out into pastures of quietness and peace such as the world never dreamed of before.

—Woodrow Wilson,
September 25, 1919.

THE PULITZER AWARDS

THE Pulitzer Committee, in awarding its fiction prize for 1944 to John Hersey's "A Bell for Adano," gave it to a novel which undoubtedly would have ranked high in any popular ballot, as it did in *The Saturday Review's* annual poll of reviewers, where it tied with Jean Stafford's "Boston Adventure" for first place. "George Bancroft: Brahmin Rebel," by Russell B. Nye, stood a bad second in the *SRL* poll, having only two votes against the twenty-four cast for Catherine Drinker Bowen's "Yankee from Olympus." Karl J. Shapiro's "V-Letter and Other Poems," which received the award for poetry, stood fourth on our list, whereas the leader, Russell Davenport's "My Country," mustered ten. The winner of the history award, Stephen Bonsal's "Unfinished Business," an admirably informed and informative account of the proceedings of the Versailles Conference, did not appear in *The Saturday Review* poll.

The editors applaud the selections as a whole and look forward to the time when life in general can settle down at least to that point where the Pulitzer Awards will once again be for us the biggest news of the week—or even of the day.

Class-Room

By Louis Ginsberg

THE boys and girls are counterfeiting heed;
They imitate attention, as I read;
They smile with mockery not on the page,
While I explain the great Romantic Age.

Anchored a while within the rows of seats,
Quorum of many a varied bias meets.
I brighten light of vistas to expose
The prejudices that inflate their clothes.

I spray ideas on them. Nothing shocks.
Each one accumulates his paradox.
And so, perplexed, I wonder is it well
To penalize the irresponsible?

If not their heads, I hope their hearts will wake
To all the din that they hear History make,
And find sometimes a faith or see a token
To mend a ragged world events have broken.

If not their heads, I hope their hearts will find
A path, instinctive, through the jungle mind,
And through the darkness of this age's sorrow,
Move happier into a new Tomorrow. . . .

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Job for the Irregulars

SIR: For some time I have been puzzled about the precise relationship between Conan Doyle's seven brilliant chapters entitled "The Scowrers" in "The Valley of Fear" and the historical facts about the murderous Mollie Maguires of the Pennsylvania coal fields during the eighteen-seventies. That there is a close relationship has long been evident to me, and doubtless to many other Sherlock Holmes enthusiasts.

In comparing the "coffin notices" sent to mine bosses by Doyle's Scowrers with the historically genuine Mollie Maguire coffin notices now in the possession of Haverford College, I realize that the identity is complete. In the exhibition of Sherlockiana just concluded in the Haverford College Library, one of the most offensive and threatening of these Mollie Maguire coffin notices was on display. Looking further into the matter, through a reliable but second-hand source, I note that Doyle's dramatic account of the Scowrers is not fiction, but rather an historical narrative of how the Mollie Maguires actually terrorized and dominated the anthracite coal fields for more than a decade and were finally brought to the gallows in large numbers by a Pinkerton detective.

Point by point the two stories coincide: the Mollies are the Scowrers, each local murder group claiming membership in a large and repectable national brotherhood; Commissioner Dormer becomes Councillor McGinty, each a local boss and owner of a saloon; the Pinkerton Irish detective who calls himself "McKenna" and joins the Mollies to bring them to justice becomes, in Doyle's version, "McMurdo"—likewise an Irish detective of the same age and from the Pinkerton agency. Each detective hero has a Pinkerton assistant backed by a large force of police who, in each case, carry Winchester rifles and come to the rescue in emergencies. Each detective has his hand suddenly forced by premature intelligence of his identity, given to the murder gang, but in each case he is successful in bringing nearly a dozen of them to the gallows and in breaking up the organization.

The problem that I propose to Sherlock Holmes enthusiasts is this: From what source, or sources, did Doyle get his historical information about the Mollie Maguires, which he used almost without change in his seven chapters entitled "The Scowrers"? Not being a maker of Sherlockiana puzzles, but rather one who has neither time nor intelligence enough to solve the problem which he has himself propounded, I timidly suggest avoiding three clues which I believe to be false:

1. I do not think that examination of Doyle's criminological library will reveal any important document dealing with the Mollies.

"Well, at least we won't have to sit through any more of those damned receptions."

2. I do not believe that the ponderous volume, "The Molly Maguires and the Detectives," by Allan Pinkerton, 1877, was the source of Doyle's "Valley of Fear."

3. Nor do I think that Doyle ever read through the other 1877 book entitled "The Molly Maguires," by F. P. Dewees.

If anybody can suggest a satisfactory answer to this problem in connection with our Haverford College exhibition of Sherlockiana, will he kindly send in his solution and address it to—Sherlock Holmes, in care of

EDWARD D. SNYDER,
The Haverford College Library,
Haverford, Pa.

Newspaper Editorials

SIR: Apropos of "What's Wrong with Newspaper Editorials?" allow me:

Close on two thousand daily newspapers are published in North America.

These two thousand daily papers all without exception, as far as I know, run editorials daily.

These two thousand daily papers are all hard-boiled business enterprises.

Does anybody imagine that all of two thousand hard-boiled business enterprises would voluntarily waste paper and money in daily editorials just for fun?

No—they publish editorials daily because they know that daily editorials pay.

In other words, the public wants newspaper editorials.

If there's a lot wrong with newspaper editorials, the general public has evidently not found it out.

I suggest, then, that there can't be much wrong with newspaper editorials, although occasionally some don't seem to be winners.

May I commend the facts to the attention of amateur cognoscenti and pundits outside newspaper offices?

It is quite true that a proportion of newspaper editorials are not winners. It is also true that a proportion of human beings are not winners. Would this latter fact justify much attention to the query "What's wrong with human beings?"

A NEWSPAPER PUBLISHER.
Ottawa, Canada.

Botticelli's Madonna

SIR: Divergence in interpretations of Botticelli's Madonna grows rapidly. Recently you printed a letter in which I called attention to the fact that Wyndham Lewis, in "Ronsard," declared, citing Huysman, that Botticelli frankly acknowledged that his Virgins were Venuses and vice versa; and that Joseph D. Bennett, in "Baudelaire," stated that Botticelli's Venuses were not made of flesh, but of gold, steel, light, and diamonds.

Now Lionello Venturi in his "Painting and Painters," just published, declares: "If you think of what Venus meant to the pagan world . . . you will be aware that Venus was for Botticelli no longer a goddess, but a fallen angel."

Desperately we ask: What will be the next appraisal of Botticelli and his Venus?

BERNARD SOBEL.
New York, N. Y.

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TRADE Winds

HOW MUCH of the story of Adria Langley's new book, "A Lion Is in the Streets" is a product of the author's imagination, and how much is based on actual United States history is a question that will be argued at great length in months to come. The publishers, and Jimmy Cagney's Film Corporation, which has bought the screen rights for the modest sum of a quarter of a million dollars, insist that the book is "pure fiction." Skeptics, I suspect, will murmur, "Huey."

The important thing, however, is that this melodramatic, occasionally too lurid, exposé of a native demagogue will open the eyes of thousands of people to the ease with which a silver-tongued and conscienceless rascal still can cheat his way to power and wealth in America. Miss Langley's literary style is about on a level with Margaret Mitchell's "Gone with the Wind." One character, in fact—Jules Bolduc—strongly suggests the Ashley Wilkes of the Mitchell novel. Somebody should have blue-pencilled about a dozen of the intimate and interminable love scenes in which Hank Martin "nuzzles and nibbles" his wife's neck and ears for pages on end. You can at least count on the unprincipled Hank for one thing: he never nuzzles without nibbling at the same time!

The first printing of "A Lion Is in the Streets," scheduled for publication on Monday, is in the neighborhood of one hundred thousand copies. They'll disappear in jig-time. This is the best and most ruthless portrait to date of an American heel. Mrs. Langley has done some newspaper work previously, but this is her first novel, written in her spare time while working as a riveter in a Santa Monica defense plant. A virtual literary novice has succeeded brilliantly in a job that threw John Dos Passos, one of America's great novelists, when he essayed it in "Number One!" . . .

SAXE COMMINS, engaged in editing a one-volume anthology of the best writings of Washington Irving for the Modern Library, came across one essay entitled "Literary Life" that might have been written yesterday instead of well over a hundred years ago. I quote:

> "The literary world," my friend Buckthorne told me, "is made up of little confederacies, each looking upon its own members as the lights of the universe; and considering all others as mere transient veterans, doomed soon to fall and be forgotten, while its own luminaries are to shine steadily on to immortality."
>
> "And pray," said I, "how is a man to get a peep into those confederacies you speak of? I presume an intercourse with authors is a kind of intellectual exchange, where one must bring his commodities to barter, and always give a *quid pro quo.*"
>
> "Pooh, pooh! How you mistake," said Buckthorne, smiling. "You must never think to become popular among wits by shining. They go into society to shine themselves, not to admire the brilliancy of others. I once thought as you do, and never went into literary society without studying my part beforehand; the consequence was, that I soon got the name of an intolerable proser, and should in a little while have been completely excommunicated, had I not changed my plan of operations. No, sir, no character succeeds so well among wits as that of a good listener; or if ever you are eloquent, let it be when tête-à-tête with an author and then in praise of his own works, or, what is nearly as acceptable, in disparagement of the works of his contemporaries. If ever he speaks favorably of the productions of a particular friend, dissent boldly from him; pronounce his friend to be a blockhead; never fear his being vexed. Much as people speak of the irritability of authors, I never found one to take offense at such contradictions. No, no, sir, authors are particularly candid in admitting the faults of their friends." . . .

The first half of this new Irving volume will contain copious selections from all his shorter works; the second half "Knickerbocker's History of New York," complete and unabridged. The editors of the Modern Library expect it to be one of the most popular volumes in the entire series. . . .

IT PROBABLY wasn't fair to go straight from the subtle and polished wit of Washington Irving to a book of present-day radio humor. Jack Gaver and Dave Stanley have assembled in "There's Laughter in the Air" a collection of radio scripts culled from all the leading comics in that department. They have done their job beautifully. The biographical notes are informative and lively. The scripts are printed without deletions or asides of any description. Here in black and white is the evidence of the appalling hogwash that passes for humor on the radio today. The scripts for Fred Allen and Duffy's Tavern are genuinely funny; the ones for Bob Hope, Milton Berle, Jimmy Durante, Jack Benny, and Phil Baker at least are tailored expertly to fit their special talents. The material, supposedly tops, that represents Amos'n Andy, Colonel Stoopnagle, The Great Gildersleeve, Ed Wynn, and a half dozen other topliners, however, is almost unbelievable. Any serious student of radio will have to add this book to his library. It brings into sharp focus three facts:

One: the top comics in radio are a hundred times better than their material; what this stuff would sound like in the hands of run-of-the-mill performers is shocking to contemplate.

Two: the ludicrous censorship and taboos with which radio chains and advertising magnates have voluntarily saddled themselves have stifled virtually any hope for originality and spon-

"So it's a mirage, so what?"

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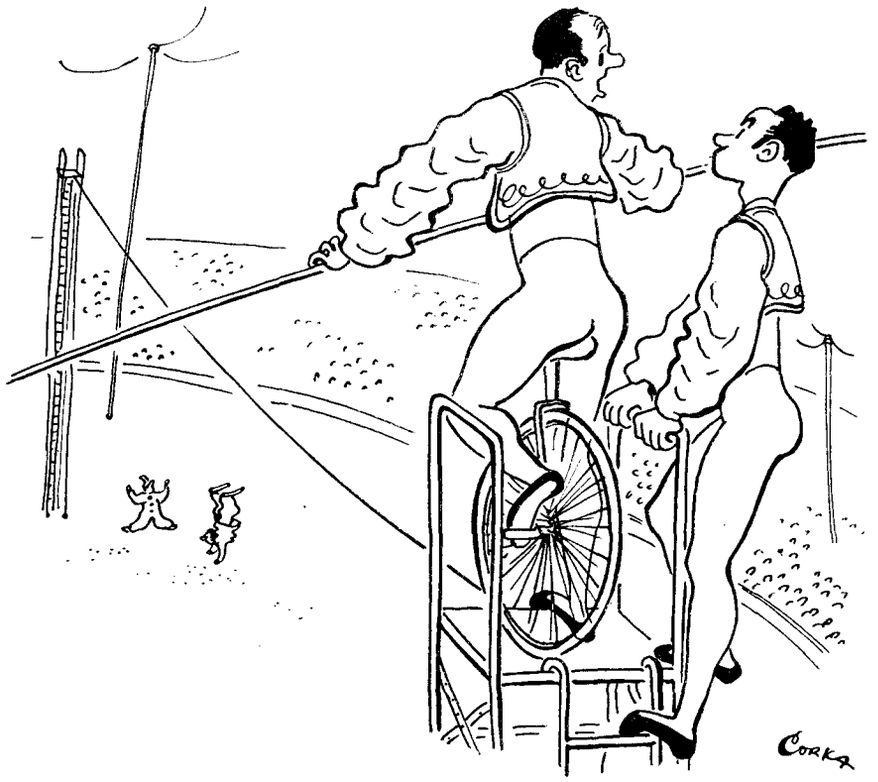

"I was just thinking of the O.P.A.—is this trip essential?"

taneity on the air; the programs are stereotyped and dull; the humor is seldom inherent in situations, and the laughs that do not spring from somebody (usually the star) being insulted by everybody else in the act come from stale gags borrowed or reconstructed from old joke books and radio routines. The occasional bright and original sally usually bobs up on two other programs within the week.

Three: Radio desperately needs new writers—and sponsors with the courage to let them strike out in new directions. The trouble today is that everybody who has the final say on what is to go on the air—radio executives, advertisers, the stars, and the writers themselves—are slaves of weekly ratings like the Hooper and the Crossley. They ignore the fact that it takes time for the public to accept a truly novel comedy idea. In the rare instances when a writer or comic actually is allowed to introduce something really new, the powers-that-be usually discover that the rating of the show (based on the percentage of a tested number of radio listeners who are tuned in to a particular program at a particular time) takes a temporary nose-dive. In a panic, the new formula is discarded instanter, and everybody connected with the show goes back to the tired old routine.

Norman Corwin and Arch Oboler have blazed fresh trails in serious writing for the air. Commentators like Walter Winchell, Bill Shirer, and Cecil Brown have defied censorship and reactionaries to tell people the kind of news they want to hear. Surely there must be dozens of youngsters with a real flair for humor who can work the same wonders for the comedy department of radio if somebody will only give them a real chance.

"There's Laughter in the Air" will be published by Greenberg sometime this month. . . .

THIS IS A John Barrymore anecdote Gene Fowler didn't use in "Good Night, Sweet Prince." The two cronies were dining together in a Hollywood restaurant. Barrymore was coughing a great deal. "Jack," Fowler told him, "there are two kinds of cough: a hangover cough, and the one you haven't got." . . . A Hollywood starlet upset precedent last month by *asking* for an autograph instead of *giving* one. Her heroine was Edna Ferber, and her disarming request read, "It doesn't matter whether you write it or print it. I copy all my autographs over anyhow alphabetically in my scrapbook." . . . Here's a red hot idea," said Russell Crouse on the phone. "Get Connecticut's most glamorous Congresswoman to collaborate with the author of 'Citizen Tom Paine' on a new book, and call it 'Fast and Luce.' You can't miss!" . . . The notion was tabled on the grounds that an offer of second billing to Mrs. Luce would constitute *lèse-majesté*. . . . Instead, we developed the notion of subsidizing a series of letters from Governor Dewey's foreign affairs expert to the new Nazi Fuehrer, and publishing them under the title of "Dulles to Doenitz."

Some fun, this book business; eh, kids?

BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"

When the guy who writes flap copy for jackets finds himself tempted to use such expressions as *bittersweet tone, haunting mood, pattern of torment,* and *charged with fear,* there is bound to be skillful writing afoot. For some reason the better the book, the gaudier the language of the jacket flap. This is what happened with **77 Willow Road,** by HELEN DOUGLAS IRVINE. The flappist looked first at the synopsis of the book, then he read the galleys. Then he looked at the proof of the jacket sketch and its *haunting mood charged him with fear.* There was something *bittersweet* in the *tone* of that jacket. . . . There were no willows at **77 Willow Road,** but then, whoever saw acacia on Acacia Terrace? **77 Willow Road**—dark clouds traced a *pattern of torment* across the top; a girl looking very Ophelia hovered perilously close to the brink of a cliff where erosion had cut the figure of a ghost; a twisted tree framed Victorian chimneys which were shaped like inverted sevens. And the title—(what number has the sinister import of a seven?)—and here were two of them, followed by a W which looked like an owl. The flappist was in a trance. He had caught the *bittersweet tone* of the book.

Speaking of titles, **Border City,** by HART STILWELL, is Editor Ludlow's choice for May in *The Retail Bookseller.* **Border City** is a novel based on the personal experience of racial intolerance and political blindness too glaring to hide. The author, a newspaperman, who has spent his life in Texas, has witnessed more mistreatment of Mexicans than he can stomach. Texan from way way back, he has launched a novel on the subject which has the social impact of a decision by the Supreme Court. From the social standpoint it is a book of controlled anger. But for the gentler reader, it is safe to say that she will not see it as a social diatribe, but rather as a love story that is brave and beautiful.

paul

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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Seeing Things

ONE-MAN SHOW

WOULD you determine a man's interests—quickly? There is one sure way. Say "Bobby Jones" to him. If he replies, "Oh, yes, the golfer," you may be certain he is not stage-struck.

The theatre admits only one Bobby Jones. Its veneration for him is as great as the golfers' respect for the other. This Bobby Jones of the world of make-believe is the Jones who is Robert Edmond. He is the Jones, still incredibly young in looks and spirit, who over a long period has created more beauty than any of our scenic artists. He is the Jones whose sketches for settings and costumes can even now be seen in a retrospective exhibition at New York's Museum of Modern Art.

This retrospective exhibition is physically a shrunken empire. Work, which in its time has filled vast stages and invaded the imaginations of thousands, now occupies only one small downstairs room at the Museum. Work, once meant to be framed by a proscenium arch, is now framed like any other small picture.

There is bound to be a loss; a sense of seeing the saucer without the tea cup. The plays and players are missed. Sorely missed. So is the audience. The switchboard, too. The action, meant to be continuous, is now frozen. A single "still," so to speak, must serve as a stand-in for what was once a whole moving picture.

Blame the medium, not Mr. Jones, for this. Neither in the theatre nor away from it is a "one-man show" the business of a stage designer. The designer is only one of many; a collaborator. The better he is as a designer (and Mr. Jones is among the world's best) the more of a collaborator he is sure to be.

The fact that Mr. Jones has functioned as a collaborator, and that his sketches can nonetheless stand alone, adds to the impressiveness of his exhibition. Mr. Jones is one of our few designers who paints like an artist, not merely a scenic artist. The artist's vision is hot upon his work, cool and chaste though that work may be. His sketches are lovely as sketches. Yet, when denied the theatre for which they were intended, they manage to remain theatre in their own right; theatre of the most radiant sort; its spirit rather than its flesh.

One small room cannot hope to do justice to Mr. Jones's career. For a fuller record of his contributions, his book, "Drawings for the Theatre," must still be consulted. For a completer understanding of both the splendor and the preciosity of the vision which has animated him, his lectures on "The Dramatic Imagination" remain required reading. For an adequate realization of the clashes in temperature, the fights, and the backstage hysterics which can be part of his seemingly serene profession, his description in the April number of *Dance Index* of working with Nijinsky is a "must." Of its kind it is a little masterpiece.

There are regrettable omissions in the Modern Museum's Jones Show. Surely Mr. Jones should have included his first scene for "The Jest." And more samples of how he used the great Renaissance arch he designed for "Hamlet" in that setting ("a cathedral of the mind," Laurence Stallings called it) to which Heywood Broun's only objection was that "they planted Ophelia in the parlor." And his portico for "Mourning Becomes Electra," with those white columns and the enveloping blackness of that central door by means of which he linked Mr. O'Neill's house of Mannon with the house of Agamemnon. Or his interior for "The Green Bay Tree" which was so perfect in mood, detail, and emphasis that it became a living character in the play.

Even so, Mr. Jones's exhibition is sufficient to quicken exciting memories. At least among those who did not begin their theatregoing yesterday. It indicates how extraordinary he has been as an artist, a figure, and a force. It serves as a reminder, too, of those years during the last war, and between that war and this one, when our theatre was growing up; when it stirred with new impulses: when some of its most memorable productions were being made.

In the exhibition are backgrounds for "Richard III," waiting only for John Barrymore to step before them. The New England farmhouse for "Desire Under the Elms" is also there, as austere and right a home for modern tragedy as one could find, with its nearby trees brooding oppressively over the Cabot roof. Yes, and the mirrors for "Love for Love," as bright as Congreve's wit.

The Bobby Jones of the world of make-believe.

The bold abstractions for the ill-fated Lionel Barrymore-Arthur Hopkins "Macbeth." The charmingly innocent cut-outs fringing the cyclorama in "The Green Pastures." Some sketches for such technicolor films as "La Cucaracha" and "Becky Sharp." They, and many other examples of Mr. Jones's work, are all in the Modern Museum show, from the soaring rooftops of "Til Eulenspiegel," designed for Nijinsky in 1916, down to the luminous exterior for the Lunts' production of "The Sea Gull" in 1938. When seen as sketches on the Museum's walls, they invite each spectator to stage cherished revivals in his mind's eye. They also force him to realize how large is the debt our theatre owes to Mr. Jones.

My own respect—I mean my personal respect—for the theatre's Bobby Jones is of long-standing. It has never wavered, in spite of those violent disagreements which, over the years, are bound, at this moment or at that, to find critics and artists professionally, even personally, at variance. Perhaps I can best suggest some of the qualities to be found in Mr. Jones's show by avoiding the critical *clichés* inevitable in appraisals of scenery and by recalling instead some of those qualities I associate with Mr. Jones. They are not unrelated.

The first time I ever saw Bobby Jones was more than a quarter of a century ago. He looked as young as he does now. His hair, in other words, had its present unthreatened darkness; its present fulness, too. The chief difference was that he then wore a beard. It was a beard which, more than being Left Bank, was almost sacrilegious.

Bobby had come to speak at Harvard. To those of us who were sophomores, and stage-struck even then, his coming was the cause of considerable excitement. His work was known to us. We had seen many of his pro-

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THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS
A New Musical Play
CAROUSEL
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
with John Raitt, Jan Clayton, Jean Darling, Eric Mattson, Christine Johnson, Jean Casto
MAJESTIC W. 44th St. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

The Musical Hit
OKLAHOMA!
Based on Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by Richard Rodgers — Book & Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein 2nd — Directed by Rouben Mamoulian—Dances by Agnes de Mille
Harry Stockwell • Joseph Buloff • Evelyn Wyckoff • Ruth Weston
St. James Thea. W. 44. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

Tallulah
BANKHEAD
in PHILIP BARRY'S
FOOLISH NOTION
HENRY HULL • DONALD COOK
Directed by JOHN C. WILSON
Martin Beck Thea. W. 45. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

NEW YORK — Morosco Theatre
ELLIOTT NUGENT • BETTY FIELD • AUDREY CHRISTIE
ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr., presents
the Voice of the Turtle
by JOHN VAN DRUTEN
K. T. STEVENS • HUGH MARLOWE • BETTY LAWFORD
CHICAGO — Selwyn Theatre

Have YOU seen them in
LIFE WITH FATHER?
EMPIRE THEATRE, B'way at 40th St.

Richard Rodgers & Oscar Hammerstein 2d present
MADY CHRISTIANS • OSCAR HOMOLKA
in JOHN van DRUTEN'S
I REMEMBER MAMA
from Kathryn Forbes' 'Mama's Bank Account'
with JOAN TETZEL
MUSIC BOX, W. 45th St. • Matinees Thurs. & Sat.

NEW YORK'S NO. 1 MUSICAL HIT!
ON THE TOWN
ADELPHI, 54 St. E. of B'y. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

ductions. We had not read for nothing our Kenneth Macgowan, our Sheldon Cheney, our Hiram Moderwell (he had not then become Motherwell), and the pages of *Theatre Arts Quarterly*.

Bobby stepped onto the pink and white stage of the Music Building, wearing evening clothes as if they pained his spirit. His face was paler than the moon. He seemed shy; frightened really. His speech was hesitant but sonorous.

Most of what he said I do not now remember. I can, however, hear the rich sound of his voice. I also recall surrendering to his gift for images. He could conjure visions, even with words.

Towards the evening's end he confessed that he looked forward to the day (he seemed to see it right in front of him, too) when in the theatre the imagination would be set free, and realism abandoned because no longer necessary.

"Some day," said he, as if in a contagious trance, "we will play the duel scene in 'Macbeth' with MacDuff standing far off at one side of the stage and Macbeth standing far off at the other. Their swords will never cross and will not have to. Yet we, following the eloquent suggestion of their pantomime, will think their blades have crossed. With our own imaginations we will complete their gestures for them."

Just what all this meant, or what was to be gained by such a stylized laying on, I did not know at the time and do not know now. The point is that Mr. Jones made all of us think we did. At any rate, he made us realize that the outward fact was not the end-all of art.

Some years later, in 1923 to be exact, Donald Oenslager and I found ourselves in New York. Don, who is now a major overseas in the Pacific with the Air Force, was destined to become in time a designer, and, like Bobby, one of the best. Then, however, we were fresh from college; scheduled to sail for Europe the next day to study the theatre.

With great timidity we had asked Kenneth Macgowan and Bobby to have luncheon with us. Their recently published "Continental Stagecraft" was to serve us as our Gideon on our trek through European playhouses. Naturally, we felt we had to take "Mr. Jones" and "Mr. Macgowan" to the Algonquin. We thought everybody who had anything to do with the theatre ate there daily.

They met us there as promised. In no time Bobby sized up our student pocketbooks. "Let's not eat here," he said, almost before the first introductions in the lobby were over. "I tell you what. Let's go to the restaurant at the Grand Central Station. Then

MICHAEL TODD presents
"UP IN CENTRAL PARK"
Book by HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS • Lyrics by DOROTHY FIELDS • Music by SIGMUND ROMBERG
CENTURY THEATRE, 7th AVE. & 59th ST. • Mats. Wed. & Sat.

BROCK PEMBERTON presents
Frank Fay in "Harvey"
A New Comedy by MARY CHASE
with JOSEPHINE HULL
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
48th St. Thea. E. of B'y. EVGS. 8:40. MATS. WED. & SAT.

THE LATE GEORGE APLEY
MAX GORDON presents
By JOHN P. MARQUAND & GEO. S. KAUFMAN
with LEO G. CARROLL
Janet BEECHER Percy WARAM Margaret DALE
LYCEUM THEA. 45th St. E. of B'way. CH 4-4256
Evgs. 8:40 Mats. WED & SAT. at 2:40

KATHARINE CORNELL BRIAN AHERNE
The BARRETTS of WIMPOLE STREET
with McKay MORRIS • Brenda FORBES
BARRYMORE, W. 47 St. Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

LELAND HAYWARD presents
FREDRIC MARCH in
A Bell for Adano
by PAUL OSBORN
Based on JOHN HERSEY'S Novel
with MARGO
Directed by H. C. POTTER
CORT Thea., W. 48th St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"BEST MUSICAL IN YEARS."—Lyons, Post
BLOOMER GIRL
with CELESTE HOLM
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we can pretend that we are all going off on a trip together."

Later that afternoon Don and I dropped by Bergman's Studio at Bobby's suggestion to pick up some more letters of introduction he had written to theatrical people abroad. Bobby also wrote out something for us from memory, which he asked us not to open until we were at sea. It was his credo of the theatre, he said. Later it appeared as an article in a Provincetown Theatre program.

It took rereading, this credo. I am not quite certain I understood it then, though I am certain that it is beyond me now. So starry-eyed were Don and I about the theatre, however, that every night before dinner, when we went into the *Olympic's* second-class bar for a drink, we would solemnly read from the original as part of a mystic rite.

"The world we live in, as I see it, is animated and dominated by unseen spiritual energies which perpetually image themselves in the perpetually changing relation of all living things to one another." These were the awesome first words of this transcendental credo.

There were a good many others, likewise spun from the clouds. The last sentence ran, "If into the theatre there came such a revelation and release of the spiritual energies made manifest in us . . . it would, among many other things that now seem sheer mumbo-jumbo not only to Don and me, but doubtless also to Bobby Jones, illuminate all our activity . . . as with the light of a strange new dawn."

You see, we were all younger then, and different. Very different and very much younger in a strangely different world. Yet, in spite of the pearliness of his phrasing; in spite, too, of how different the world and all of us may now be, this much must be said of Bobby Jones. The high virtue of his exhibition is that it says it for him, simply and unanswerably. He has managed to bring "revelation and release" into the theatre, and to illumine its often unimaginative darkness "with the light of a strange new day."

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Piled-up Tragedy in Australia

THE LITTLE COMPANY. By Eleanor Dark. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1945. 392 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

GILBERT MASSEY is the heir of an old book dealer's firm in one of the big Australian towns, and in his own right the author of a number of successful novels. As the story opens, he is suffering from "creative paralysis:" for four years he has tried in vain to get another book started. He does not yet see the causes for, nor the "meaning" of, this agonizing crisis. ("How many desks like that," he wondered, "all over the tormented world?") But it takes more than a tormented world to mature a man of his kind—it takes personal tragedy.

That tragedy is admirably told in Miss Dark's newest book. Gilbert

Massey's unhappy marriage, his flight into a shortlived hectic affair with an unbalanced young woman, his eldest daughter's death in pregnancy, and the subsequent breakdown of his petty-bourgeois wife—all this is extremely well presented, interpreted, and brought to its climax. Unfortunately the author has not been content with portraying an interesting family group. Miss Dark tries her hand at such miscellaneous problems as Australian isolationism, "One World awareness," labor policies, communism, and the relationship of art and propaganda. Also the course of the war (from the invasion of Greece to submarine attacks on Australian harbors) is intended as a theme of its own. Perhaps Miss Dark herself felt something of Mr. Massey's disgust with the metier of story-telling pure and simple. " 'Generation after generation,' he thought angrily, 'century after century, we reproduce endlessly the same old drama and the same old leading actors. It's as if the plot had been worked out at the beginning of time, and performed with minor variations ever since.

This is precisely what it does. And Miss Dark knows it well, too. Her writer-hero's concern with social responsibility is shown far more convincingly through his recurrent little qualms about the disgraceful condition of his inherited apartment houses (the widows' houses of old) than by what Elsa Key, the young outsider, quite rightly calls the "easy theorizing" of "well-provided-for people with . . . strongly established private lives." No doubt, there is a refreshing naivete in the dialogue of the "progressive" characters of this book. But this naivete is presented without any trace of irony; it contrasts with the psychological astuteness of most of the well-handled "inner monologue." On the other hand, the author lavishes what sense of humor she has on an aged Victorian aunt of the Masseys, who in "'synthetic youthfulness" unseeingly walks through the drama of her family. Neither Scott Laughlin, a one-time neighbor of Gilbert's hypocritic father and in his nobleness and misfortune a pathetic legend to the family, nor Prue, Gilbert's younger daughter who loves "having patches of happiness in the middle of all of this," can match old Aunt Bee in that "semblance of human fellowship" which Conrad once called the essential quality of fictional persons.

With so much to object to in the structure of this novel, it is only fair to add that Miss Dark has also touched on a subject which, though limited in its interest to readers who are sure that "authors are people like others," remains the very crux of creative writing—the fundamental self-centeredness of the novelist, his growing malaise in a mass society, and his perpetual struggle for an Olympian detachment from his own human imperfection. "No matter what his own mental stress," Miss Dark says of Gilbert Massey watching an hysterical attack of his wife, "his writing consciousness stood apart from him."

As is the case with all fictional authors, the reader has to take the importance of Mr. Massey's artistic achievements for granted; he has to take Miss Dark's word for it. Otherwise the piled-up tragedy in his home that finally makes him reach for the pen would be too high a price. Isn't it in any case? A grain of ironic doubt on that score would have softened the reader's embarrassment at the fact that all the world's misery, plus a man's own, should merely serve as a sort of manure for his work. Miss Dark, I submit, has missed her most tempting theme—the moral position of the creative mind. But she has written a fine novel, and once more proved her worth.

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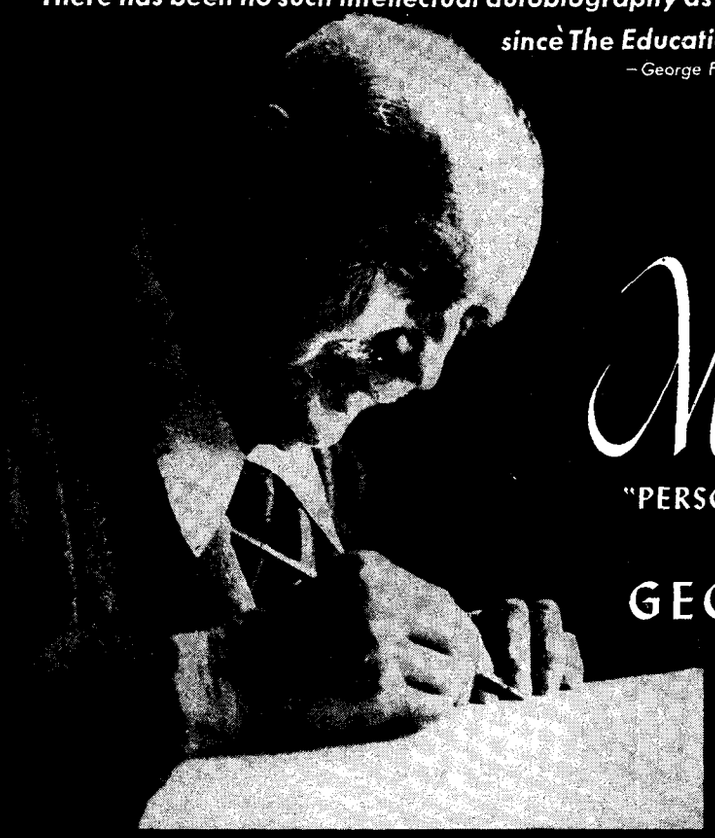

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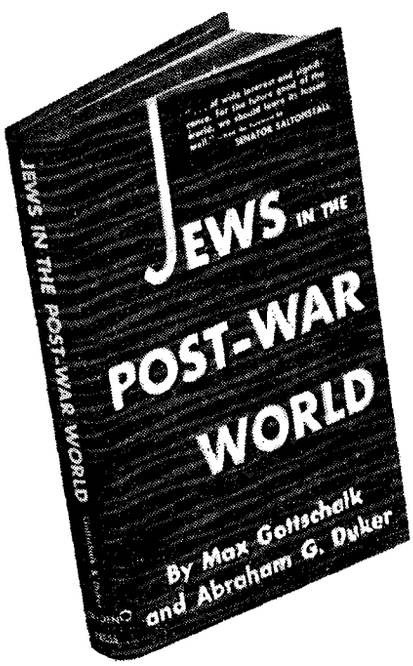

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(Publishers of Sumner Welles' GUIDE TO THE PEACE)

With Regard to Human Thought

THE PEEP-HOLE OF THE PRESENT. By Samuel Roth. New York: The Philosophical Library. 1945. 267 *pp., with index.* $3.75.

Reviewed by ROBERT BIERSTEDT

THERE may never be unanimity of opinion as to the worst book ever published, but there can be no doubt that this one is a strong contender for that dubious honor. It purports to be a work in the field of philosophy, but it has about as much relation to that sublime discipline as astrology has to astronomy or palmistry to psychology. Ineptly titled, poorly conceived, wholly lacking in organization, distinguished by questionable taste, bad grammar, and illiterate proofreading, and containing nothing but the most fanciful notions for which there is not a shred of evidence, it presumes to correct Einstein in certain fundamental matters and yet would not pass muster as a freshman theme at any respectable institution of learning. These are serious charges and require documentation.

First of all, the advertisements for the book, limited to "a few quality periodicals," claim that it reviews the whole range of human thought from Lao Tse to Einstein. It does not. It reviews the range of human thought from Samuel Roth to Samuel Roth. And that, to be sure, is quite a range. On one page we find the statement that light does not travel, that it has no velocity at all, and on another that it travels through gases in waves. The frontispiece is an apparently well-substantiated photograph of a molecule and a paragraph near the end of the book asserts that a molecule is forever invisible. These are only two examples of numerous contradictions induced, we are forced to believe, by the author's total lack of knowledge of what it is he wants to say.

If the book has any leading ideas—an hypothesis open to question— they are, (1), that the ether is no more than "physical consciousness," that "consciousness is the stuff of which space is woven," and, (2), that all the planetary bodies and stars are parts of a "luminum." With regard to the first we learn a number of additional things, such as the fact that consciousness has weight, color, and mass, and that it is the product of the height times the width times the depth of an object. As to the "luminum," the word does not appear in the index and the reader is forced to dwell in the author's darkness concerning its nature.

Omitting Mr. Roth's disquisitions on mental telepathy, his rocket trips to the moon, his snide and wholly gratuitous references to sex, and his comments on World War II—all evidence of the absence of organization—the following quotations will exhibit his questionable taste: (1) "Space is a pregnant woman who is never a virgin, and who is unlikely ever to become a mother-in-law"; and (2) "Do we, then, really exist four-dimensionally? Brother, I don't know, and I don't ever expect to know."

Most of the book, however, is characterized by a meaninglessness which often becomes ludicrous, as in the following examples chosen among many merely for their brevity:

> Presumably, space has a finely-grained skeleton, every one of whose limbs is a space-nothingness structure of particles composed of consciousness.
>
> We may have to revise our conception of a vacuum so radically that it will denote the fullest and densest of our substances.
>
> Where we are not instinctively informed, all the constitutions of the unknown are equally probable.
>
> As positive consciousness, light is the axis on which all forms of matter evolve [*sic*]; and our reactions to it must compare with those of the rest of the world.
>
> If the length (1) of an object, width (w) and depth (d) are each increased by a movement in progression of consciousness (c), the cube root of the difference between *lwdc* before the movement and the cubic content of the object after the movement has been perfected, equals the line of consciousness.

And, Section VII of Chapter Four in its entirety:

> Santayanna [*sic*] uses the words *consciousness* and *spirit* as though they were interchangeable. A phils-opher [*sic*] doing the work of a theologian suggests a painful state of emergency. The question is, where?

We can only reach the conclusion, far from reluctant in this case, that if a more spurious book, a more embarrassing piece of writing, or a more flagrant disgrace to the publishing business has ever appeared, we are not aware of it. It is saddening to reflect that such crimes can be committed in the name of philosophy.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 580)

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At home, as abroad, we have the choice of attempting to facilitate change by an intelligent study of evolution, or . . . to halt change entirely, in which case we shall build up the pressures that eventually break out in revolution.

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HINDSIGHT ON TOCQUEVILLE'S FORESIGHT

(*Continued from page 9*)

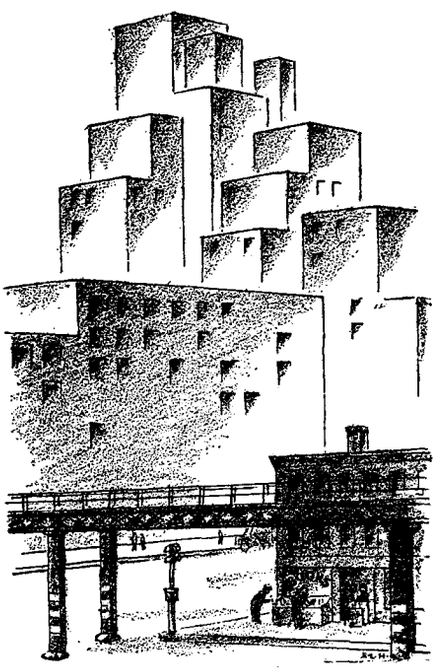
core of individualism as touching religion is matched, I think, by his failure to see through government and voluntary associations (both of which impressed him much in America) to the hard core of independence which makes association so freely possible here.

He saw that Americans were British the more bent toward equality by their surroundings. "The political education of the people," as he admits, "has long been complete; say rather that it was complete when the people first set foot upon the soil." That very English education was indoctrination for American rebellion, and it was the inculcation of religious independence. Men who would not let anybody else, however willing to do it, dogmatically hand them God, were surely not going to let anybody else hand them government. It does not really get at Americans, and never did, to describe government, as Tocqueville did, in its federal and local aspects (he neglected the states). Good as was his descriptive understanding, it was not enough, for the simple reason that Americans have always made their government, not it them, and dominated their environment, not it them; and they have always set more stead upon the maker than upon the made. They *de*preciate other forms of government without much *ap*preciating their own, because they *distrust* all its forms. Free government, and all other forms of association, come easy to men who are free of mind and tolerant at heart. They join gladly because they can unjoin easily; and the fact that they can dissociate themselves makes it possible for them to stand their ground sturdily even while associated.

No, Tocqueville, for all his external clarity and his internal clairvoyance, never quite got to the heart of *homo Americanus*. His foresight failed only as his insight faltered. His background of authoritative sacerdotalism and cultural elegance achieved dominance over his logical foreground. He, the son of a nobleman, was an aristocrat; but so am I, the son of a blacksmith ("every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you," too). It is this very obviousness of the ubiquity of aristocracy that distinguished, and still for the most part distinguishes, the American from the European. From all my recent months in Italy, directing Allied efforts at Italian re-education, I cannot recall a single Italian intellectual, certainly no member of the aristocracy, who seemed able to admit this obvious American truth that the son of a nobody might become the father of a somebody, or might himself be as much a somebody as is anybody else.

The French nobleman was, for this same reason, afraid of what he saw in America. It was inevitable, yes. He would not fight it, no. But it was bad for the great things: for Honor, for Fame, for Virtue, for Glory. Accept it? Yes, because inevitable. But like it? No, not much. He feared the majority because he thought of it, with Ortega yesterday, with Hayek today, and with most Europeans always, as a mass; and he could not see that the mass is but individual men made into a "mess" by somebody's timorous mind and grudging heart. It is the old story of Jefferson with his own French nobleman. They both trusted "the people," as Jefferson admitted, but the Frenchman as their guardian, Jefferson as their comrade; and Jefferson's brand of trust has many a fruitful harvest in America meantime. So also Tocqueville: he could not discern that the thing he had to fear was fear: a real danger, however, because fear can make itself come true.

Tocqueville did not see how fully every American is but each of my Englishmen in Hyde Park, and has ever been; that the environmental factors making for equality lie beyond forests and deserts in the fearless love of liberty itself. Each knows the truth, or knows where it can be found. If he is not his own eventual authority, he will be his initial authority on who is authoritative. Each knows the truth. Each is willing to share it. But none is disposed to impose it. The latter is the more lasting marvel, that a man who knows the truth and will share it, will nevertheless not impose it. This marvel arises from the lack of fear (as that lack arises largely from the assumption of equality). If it does not enter your head that another will coerce you, then it fails to enter your head that you may coerce him. That is the noblesse oblige about the matter which shows the ubiquity of aristocracy.



In America the sons of Tom, Dick, and Harry have achieved a more secure practice of this excellence—noblesse oblige, the peculiar virtue of an aristocracy—than the most immaculate European aristocrats, bankrupt as they are at the core by gnawing fear. Our prophet Whitman has signalled the American password:

> Stranger, if you passing meet me and desire to speak to me, why should you not speak to me?
> And why should I not speak to you?

Governments have their meaning only as means to this confidence of man in man. Religions are bad or good as they minister to this structure of psychic integrity. What makes a society dependable is that every citizen knows for himself what he will not stand and simply says no to anything beyond the allowed; knows for himself what he wishes and gives to it his nod. Such a citizen does not have to be afraid of other citizens, for he is not afraid of himself. Refusing himself to trespass, he advertises in his manner to all would-be trespassers: "You shall not pass." Equality, which is merely *equal liberty,* does not, therefore, spell mediocrity, all aristocrats to the contrary from Tocqueville down. It spells meliorism and the heroism that goes with the doing of daily justice.

We welcome the reappearance of Tocqueville. But we are fortunate to have him come back to us in the same publication season with Alonzo Myers's "Are Men Equal?" and with Marshall Field's "Freedom Is More Than a Word." These books are proper antidotes to such fear as impoverishes the Frenchman's brilliant reflections upon our democracy. These books, one on the plane of theory, the other on the plane of practice, make it clear that it is at the level of their highest that men are equal and that the counter-emphasis upon liberty finds its meaning horizontally, not vertically. Of course man wants freedom, as the enemies of equality shout. That goes without saying. But that *all* men want liberty, needs saying again and again. Freedom *is* more than a word, and what more it is, is action to make it a reality for every man, equally. The danger to democracy lies not in equality, but in such a definition of liberty as denies to it the equal access of all citizens.

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A ROMANCE OF ENGINEERING

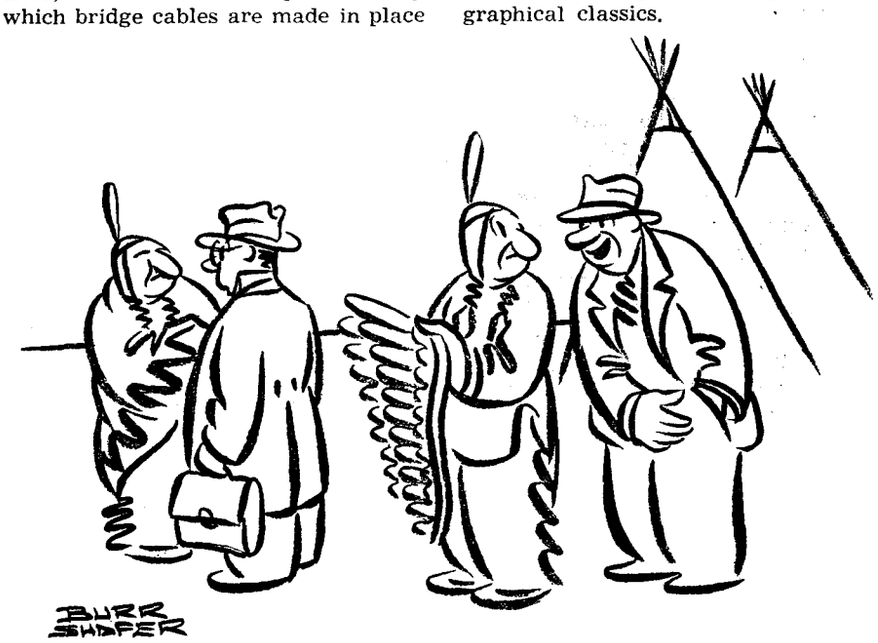
(*Continued from page* 10)

moved his plant to Trenton, N. J., where, as the John A. Roebling's Sons Company, it is still in the possession of his descendants and is one of the great American industries. Wire ropes and cables were soon replacing fibre ropes wherever hard usage was encountered, and before long they were making new achievements possible. One of these was the enlargement of the suspension bridge.

Leaving much of the management of his new industry to trusted subordinates and to members of his family, Roebling devoted himself with demonic energy and mounting passion to the construction of suspension bridges. He acquired a substantial fortune as a manufacturer; bridge building brought him little in the way of profit, left little time for family life, for music, or for philosophy, taxed even his torrential energies to the breaking-point, and eventually took his life; but the suspension bridge was his mission, and he did not count the personal cost.

After building several suspended acqueducts for the Pennsylvania and for the Delaware and Hudson canals, he entered in 1846 on the major phase of his career with the construction of a multiple-span suspension bridge across the Monogahela River at Pittsburgh. The principles and methods used in that work were later applied to the more famous single-span bridges that were to follow. Roebling himself invented the machinery and devised the methods to be used. He substituted wires laid parallel for twisted wires in making cables, thereby gaining far greater strength and endurance; he worked out the procedure by which bridge cables are made in place and are rendered weather-proof. Equally important was his realization that by the supplementary use of trusses and diagonal stays he could attain virtually complete rigidity in suspension bridges. Several of his bridges, after many years of service, have been taken down because they no longer could carry all the traffic; but no Roebling bridge has ever broken down, blown down, or worn out. Contemporary bridge builders still have a few lessons to learn, Mr. Steinman believes, from the great pioneer. Roebling's contemporaries—even the brilliant Charles Ellet—were slow to learn Roebling's methods, and in recent years they have been neglected. The spectacular collapse in 1940, as a result of aerodynamic oscillations set up in a mild gale, of the Tacoma Narrows Bridge could not have happened if its designers had known their Roebling. The early master was also the master of the art of the suspension bridge.

But it is not my purpose to pretend to summarize an entrancing and significant story that deserves to be read in its entirety. An adequate summary would in fact be impossible, for the value of the book lies to a great extent in its richness of detail, in its full descriptions of the construction of the four great bridges that have made Roebling famous. Nor can I do more than mention the moving story of the son who inherited much of his father's genius, became his equal as an engineer, and carried the great Brooklyn Bridge to triumphant completion. This story of John and Washington Roebling, and of their heroic deeds should have a secure place among our biographical classics.



"Now, remember, you name him 'Chief-not-get-elected-this-time'."

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In the Viennese Tradition

THE PRISONER. By Ernst Lothar. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1945. 308 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by F. C. WEISKOPF

IN all his work, comprising a large number of novels, essays, *feuilletons,* etc., Mr. Lothar displays those famous qualities which are characteristic of the Viennese school of writing—that "French variety of German language literature" as one of its witty members called it. His newest novel is no exception. It sparkles with the charm of a natural story-teller. It bears the marks of a rich and refined cultural heritage. It tells of the human warmth, the psychological insight, the musicality, and the sensuousness of the author. But it also suffers from a good deal of gay *Schlamperei,* that easy-going nonchalance leaving too many ends loose, touching too many strings without finishing the tune, and bridging too many gaps in the composition of the plot and in the development of characters with makeshift constructions.

In a very skilful prologue of high dramatic power, Mr. Lothar introduces the narrator of his story, a Viennese refugee professor, teaching German literature at an American college near the Rocky Mountains. A young prisoner of war in a camp four miles outside the college town has asked permission to see the professor, and the camp commander has considered it advisable to have the professor talk to the prisoner, a boy of sixteen, Toni Fritsch, private in an Elite Guard regiment of the *Hoch und Deutschmeister* division recruited in Austria.

Toni, whose father had known the professor in former times, turns out to be in deadly danger from the secret Nazi *fehme* for having spread "disloyal statements against National Socialism among Austrian prisoners" and having refused to participate in "German ceremonies and singing." The prologue ends with Toni, in mortal fear of the expiration of an ultimatum set by the LPG (Gestapo operating clandestinely among the prisoners of war) telling the professor how he came to disagree with Nazism.

This raises high expectations in the reader who looks forward to a thorough psychological study of a Hitler youth freeing himself from the Nazi poison. But Toni's tale of his expulsion, for an alleged theft, from Vienna's famous *Theresianum* school, and of his frantic efforts to get justice from the highest officials of the Nazi party and the Reich, is partly too overcrowded with details, and partly too fragmentary. There is no real clash between Nazi indoctrination and new cognizance born of bitter experience; there cannot be, for Toni is a very untypical, soft, and sometimes doubtful Hitler boy with anti-Prussian feelings and a certain pity and even sympathy for the Jews, entirely alien to the ordinary members of the Nazi youth organization.

But apart from that, Toni's recollections offer a vivid picture of a boy's maturing through the fight for justice, and no less vivid a miniature of his girl friend and later "war wife" Anna.

The epilogue brings the uncovering of the secret Nazi machinations in the war prisoners' camp and Toni's rescue and (somewhat abrupt and Hollywood-like) reunion with Anna who manages to come all the way out of Austria to Italy and to the United States in spite of war and upheaval.

Readers of "The Prisoner" will particularly enjoy Mr. Lothar's art of sketching, with a few words, the beauty of an Austrian landscape or of a sunrise in Colorado, and of conveying with a similar economy of artistic means the atmosphere of a Viennese middle-class home or an American college campus.

The translation, by Mr. Galston, is a good, competent job.

Praise for

Sergeant Nelson

OF THE GUARDS

by Gerald Kersh

"Sergeant Nelson is terrific—definitely. There are chuckles, belly-laughs, sometimes horror, and tears for those who wish to shed them. There may have been more vivid accounts written of the British retreat to Dunkirk, but, if so, I have not read them. This is a portrait of a good soldier in any people's army anywhere that is fighting for democracy and human decency." —*New York Herald Tribune*

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out the centuries by those who knew what they wanted and were determined to get it at whatever cost to others. These doctrines are the mainstay of the cynical who today wish to continue their historic role but who seem unaware of the new hopes and growing beliefs in the dignity of man now stirring in the minds and hearts of the common man.

As indicated earlier, these are the arguments of the irresponsibles, those who want to do what they please in business and industry and professional practice and be permitted to ignore or evade the consequences of their actions and decisions, their negligence, and their chicanery. In the name of human freedom they claim immunity from any ethical, moral, or social values and assert that only competitive struggling must determine our lives. It is indeed surprising to read Dr. Hayek's invocation of Milton, Locke, and Hume in defense of freedom of enterprise and the irrational forces of competition since those ideas were unknown to those men. Those writers were concerned with human rights and *political* freedom and would have been incapable of understanding what is meant by *economic* freedom, since that idea was not developed until almost the end of the eighteenth century.

But we need not pause to debate these issues. The important, the central, problem of our time is how to establish and maintain social order, without invoking authoritarian control, whether human, superhuman, or supernatural, and how to recognize and protect the dignity of man and, if you please, of woman also.

As the evidence increasingly shows, social order is not given as a part of nature; it is not a system or mechanism out in space. Social order is in man; it is that which man himself creates and maintains by what he believes and assumes, what he has selected in nature and human nature for cultivation and elaboration (and has rejected or ignored). Social order is man's self-chosen design for living; what he values and how he feels toward himself and other members of the group are directive in his conduct and so constitute his social order. Social order is not given; it must be achieved. It can be maintained by authority of the ruler, the state, or the church, or it can be maintained by self-disciplined, responsible conduct of each member of society who can and will respect the rights and needs of others. This is what we mean by a free democratic society which for its continuation demands the highest standard of individual and group ethics, not submission to mythical forces or powers. If individuals are to be accorded freedom of action, speech, and belief, the power to contract and to engage in self-chosen activities, then, of necessity they must observe in their individual and group activities, in their personal relations and professional practices, the ethics which will make such freedom compatible with social order and our enduring human values and our persistent aspirations toward human dignity.

Today the older conceptual apparatus of classic social and economic theory has become obsolete. Also, the older legal and religious sanctions invoked to maintain social order with its injustice, misery, and degradation have been losing their credibility. With the rise of new sensibilities and of aspirations, largely due to the more recent trends in our literature, drama, and art, these changes have combined to make our time a period of confusion, disorder, and conflict. But this very confusion and conflict are indicative of the potentialities of the future as we grope forward to a social order in which not only equality of opportunity but the basic equality of human needs will guide our social philosophy.

In this transition from the older and now obsolescent ideas and practices to the new, perhaps the most influential ideas will be those derived from our new understanding of individual personality and the new insights into the dynamics of human conduct. We are learning to recognize how the growing child and adolescent takes over the cultural traditions transmitted by his parents and teachers and develops his highly idiomatic version of what he has been taught, with a persistent way of feeling toward people and himself. Thus, we may view the individual as a unique personality engaged in the multitudinous activities of life, as he participates in social order in his peculiar, personal way, with often warped, distorted conceptions of our cultural traditions, and impelled, if not driven, by his persistent feelings, frequently of anxiety, guilt, or resentful hostility.

We are beginning to recognize that the individual who ruthlessly strives

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Fraser Young's Literary Crypt: No. 99

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer to No. 99 will be found in the next issue.

ABCDEFG HIJ KLIGCDM KHNG

OLD DKGPCGQNGC PGQDGJ

HRHM EIDL H PELRQEIO HIJ

RHDGSM TKEQHIDKSLTM.

—GJRHSJ FHSTGIDGS

—GIOQHIJC EJGHQ.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 98

MASTIFF, GREYHOUND, MONGREL GRIM, HOUND OR SPANIEL, BRACH OR LYM, OR BOBTAIL TYKE OR TRUNDLE-TAIL.
—KING LEAR.

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for power, prestige, and property and utilizes our legally sanctioned patterns of competitive rivalry for these strivings is usually an unconscious victim of his own personality make-up and "forgotten childhood." Thus, he is driven to sacrifice not only others but himself for achievement of his ambitions, as he attempts to "show them" or "get even," or releases his otherwise intolerable feelings in his interpersonal relations or various psychosomatic disorders. (See Karen Horney, "The Neurotic Personality of Our Times," and Henry B. Richardson, "Patients Have Families").

So long as individuals are so driven, coerced, or self-defeated by their own personality, they have no freedom, however freely they may appear to be living, conducting their business, or carrying on their professional activities. Nor can such unhappy, internally conflicted individuals participate in creating and maintaining a social order dedicated to human needs and values because of their distorted personalities. We are just beginning to recognize that an even more crucial task than winning the Four Freedoms is to achieve freedom for the personality, without which all other freedoms are of little avail.

When Dr. Hayek bids us submit to the "impersonal forces of competition," he is telling us to submit to the irrational and often neurotically distorted individuals whose aggregate economic behavior makes up what he calls the "forces of competition." While he offers competition as a bulwark against the "arbitrary power of man," his doctrine delivers us into the irresponsible powers of the men who, at whatever cost to social order and human values, must dominate and exploit social life for their own personality needs. Dr. Hayek assures us that if ambitious men are encouraged to struggle ruthlessly against each other with no interference by legislation, we may escape the slavery he sees coming from our attempts to develop some economic planning.

But this remedy, which Dr. Hayek offers, is of little avail for, as he himself points out, not only the misguided economic planners, but the businessmen themselves, through devious methods of controlling production and prices, dividing markets and otherwise preventing competition, as in cartels, are also interfering with the "forces of competition' which offer our only hope for escaping serfdom. It would appear that we are indeed lost.

It is a curious doctrine which some of our editorial writers, businessmen, economists, and professional groups are asking us to accept as the only guide for facing the problems of tomorrow. But the cynicism and defeatism of its implications (of which apparently Dr. Hayek is unaware) has not escaped its apostles. Perhaps, as has been suggested, Dr. Hayek's book is being promoted as their *apologia* by the irresponsibles.

The bewildered and sometimes panicky individuals who are unable to muster the courage and the imagination to face the problems of an evolving technological social order, are but repeating the attitude and performance of those who in every previous generation have resisted the new ideas and practices upon which our present liberty and freedom are based. Today we must remember that we can pay our debt to the great figures of the past only by trying to do for our day what they did for theirs.

This means repudiating the archaic doctrines of man's helplessness and defeatism, reasserting the moral and ethical imperative of achieving a free, but humanly decent, social order as we recognize the dignity and worth of every human personality. For this task we can command the amazing new resources of science and technology but they must be directed by self-disciplined individuals who will use those resources for human conservation.

We do indeed face fateful decisions in our economic and political life. As we critically examine the various proposals now being offered for our guidance, let us not be misled into thinking that we have but two roads to follow—the "road to serfdom" and the road down which "Sammy runs."

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Pyecraft, in "The Truth about Pyecraft," by H. G. Wells. 2. "Rip Van Winkle," by Washington Irving. 3. Juliet, in "Romeo and Juliet," by Shakespeare. 4. Dr. Heidegger, in "Dr. Heidegger's Experiment," by Nathaniel Hawthorne. 5. Dr. Jekyll, in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," by Robert Louis Stevenson. 6. "Snow White," by the Grimm Brothers. 7. Persephone, in Greek mythology. 8. Circe, in "The Odyssey." 9. Lucius Apulius, in "The Golden Ass," by Apulius. 10. "Alice in Wonderland," by Lewis Carroll.

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Horace Gregory.....Poetry
Jeannette Covert Nolan....Mystery & Juvenile
Boyden Sparkes.....Non-Fiction
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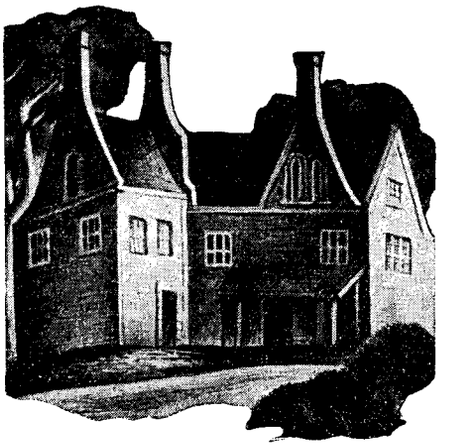

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the Phoenix Nest

APPARENTLY many people remembered Philip Savage! I have a letter from his brother, the Reverend Maxwell Savage, of the First Unitarian Church, Second Parish, Worcester, Massachusetts. He says in part, "He died young, at the age of thirty-two, many years ago. After his death Daniel Gregory Mason of Princeton brought out a volume of his best work, published in 1901 by Small, Maynard & Co." Miss Edith Morse Johnson of Cambridge writes:

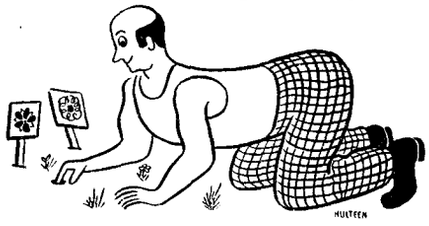
> In the Nest of March 31 you allude to Philip Savage and add that you could never find out who he was. Philip Savage was the son of Minot J. Savage, a Unitarian minister well known, in New England at least, fifty years ago. He was a student at Harvard College in the 90's, able, attractive, with literary taste and ambition. After his graduation he had a post at the Boston Public Library. We all had a warm feeling for him as a person, and high hopes for him as a poet. He died in 1898 from appendicitis. I remember Mr. James L. Whitney, then Librarian at the Boston Library, lamented his death, saying and repeating, "A high-minded young man."

Julia Boynton Green, well-known adept at light verse, tells me the same, and that brother Maxwell was "the minister of our little Unitarian church in Redlands [she writes from California] for several years. He was very proud of his talented brother Philip and brought some of his poetry for me to read, whether in manuscript or book form I do not remember; I think Philip had died before this date but am not sure." From Northampton, Massachusetts, comes a letter from Elizabeth Deering Hanscom, who says:

> You have noted qualities that impressed his contemporaries who even then were not too young to recognize his grave simplicity and deep seriousness. As you suggest, few write that way now. Sometimes I wish there were more. You probably know that he was the son of an eminent Unitarian minister in Boston. He was at Harvard with some of those last poets of my youth from whom we expected and received much. After Philip's death there was a careful and useless search for some personal papers which were finally discovered by what his father firmly believed was a direct revelation from the son. For years after that, I believe until his death, Mr. Savage felt himself to be in immediate communication with Philip. The details of that assurance make an interesting chapter in the long search for certainty of immortality, a search that every war seems to intensify. Please accept the thanks of an old woman for a happy hour of memories.

* * *

It is rather odd, in this life, how one thing leads to another. I believe in an after-life. But in reading, and looking at, the awful evidence in pictures, and thinking of the concentration-camp horrors that the war has unearthed in mid-Germany, it has been borne in upon me that, when a people decide to build a state without any recognition of a higher Power, they seem to sink into iniquity. Yet the horrible head of one of the camps announced that he believed in God! What his mental processes must have been would be past finding out. Apparently never on this earth, even in the days of torture by our own Red Indians, has human life been held so utterly of no account. There is the type of American, of course, who merely says, in spite of patent evidence, "I don't believe it!" This was recently the attitude of the aunt of a young woman I know who still regards these accounts as of the same cloth with the atrocity stories of the last war. I am glad therefore that we will have the Congressional and press reports of eye-witnesess. General Eisenhower was entirely right in asking their presence.



* * *

Mention of General Charles King has drawn several interesting letters. One I have forwarded to Miss Alice P. Gregory. Another, from Allan H. Bonwill of Damascus, Pa., says that Miss Gregory may be interested to know that the General has a grandson now in the Army, whose address in November was Sgt. Charles King, 20 920 103, Med. Sect. 3591 S.U., Billings General Hospital, Fort Harrison, Indiana. In military school, my correspondent says, this boy wore, when in full uniform, the ribbon received by General King in the Indian Wars. From Bush Hill Farm, Smethport, Pennsylvania, J. G. Masters writes:

> In traveling the old trails of the Trans-Missouri West and in digging out the sites of old forts and battlefields of that area for some twenty years, I got hold of General King's book on Old Fort Laramie but did not find much history in it. It merely mentioned the fort without giving much of the life there and without detailing any of the many historical incidents that took place. He seemed altogether absorbed in his plot and characters.
>
> I am writing this note to say that I believe that you would enjoy greatly Custer's own book, "My Life on the Plains," which is real and genuine history of many of the stirring events that took place on the early Western frontier. He took time to note men and events, nature, the natural phenomena of the country he was traversing, as well as the actual conflicts with Indians. His comments about Indians are interesting and valuable. The book is long out of print but some libraries have copies as well as dealers in Western Americana.
>
> I have spent many days on the Custer Battlefield in Montana. The whole terrain, the contour of the battlefield, and the position of the Indians and troopers are as interesting and thrilling as Gettysburg, or Waterloo. I spent a summer on the Sioux Reservations of the Dakotas and the Northern Cheyennes at Lame Deer, Montana, talking (through interpreters) with those warriors who rode and fought in the Custer battle. The warriors were very matter of fact and very modest. No one really saw the battle as a whole but each warrior's experiences were interesting beyond degree. The trouble with the whole situation is

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that I lack the facile pen of you men of *SRL* to set these events down in easy narrative fashion.

* * *

Ethel Mason Matheson of 1300 New York Drive, Altadena, California, says she is sending me a copy of "Between the Lines," a Civil War story, because she has been making a collection of General King's books and has over fifty of them, some autographed;

and, as an army girl, their local color has been of much interest to me. My grandfather, Brig. Gen. William Quinton, was in the old Seventh INF. and with the Fourteenth INF. in P. I. and the siege of Pekin. My father, Brig. Gen. Charles F. Mason, Medical Corps, was seven years in the Canal Zone with General Gorgas, and my husband is Col. J. R. D. Matheson, Engineers, now retired, and we have three sons overseas, Col. John D. Matheson, Engineers, in Italy, and Lt. Col. D. R. Matheson, INF., in Germany, with Major D. M. Matheson, Engineers—so you see we both share an army background. I would like to have the address of Alice K. Gregory of Portland, Oregon, and ask her for a copy of her thesis on General King. You would enjoy reading "Vanished Arizona" (quite a scarce book; I don't have it) by Marten Summerhayes.

Miss Gregory's address is 8042 S.E. 29th Avenue, Portland, Oregon.

And Helen Bower, literary critic of *The Detroit Free Press,* writes of Elizabeth B. Custer:

Wish *I* had a copy of "Following the Guidon." It was the romantic thrill reading of my 'teens. Probably I read "Boots and Saddles," too. I remember my impression of the former so distinctly because to me "guidon" was in itself a romantic word. Mrs. Custer, as you may know, was the former Elizabeth Bacon, of Monroe, Michigan. After the massacre, Mrs. Custer came back to live in Monroe. With her came widows of some of "Yellow Hair's" officers. An older friend of mine, as a child, used to visit relatives in Monroe in the summer. She has told me that to the youngsters of Monroe in those days the ladies were known collectively as "the Custer widows." Regularly each afternoon the ladies would go out to walk, presumably dressed in their Victorian mourning. As regularly the juvenile grapevine would spread the word that "the Custer widows" were coming,—a sight not to be missed.

Christopher Morley sends me a letter he had from the Birmingham Public Library telling him that the "Letter to an Unborn Child," by Francis Carlin, was printed in the old Bowling Green column of the *SRL* for August 3, 1929. As given there the letter is addressed to "My Dear Unknown Waiting for a Birthday." Chris adds, "This was the most beautiful thing Carlin ever wrote, I think. Look it up and reprint it!" I hereby call upon the editors of our magazine *Encore* to do that very thing.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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The Crostics Club

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

IT'S pleasant to announce that more names come in daily for our supplementary Decennial Scroll. Among those received I recognize some who wrote to us at the beginning but from whom we had not since heard, but I also miss some who used to correspond quite regularly with us before this column was instituted. Will some one of his DC friends in Summerville, S. C., tell us what has become of Col. Wilmot E. Ellis, U. S. Army, retired, who always appreciated the DCs to make him forget momentarily the arthritis to which he was a victim? And will one of the family of Mrs. Washburn, octogenarian DCer of Duluth, report about her? She was such a strong support in our early days and a great DC missionary too, for she discovered them when a Duluth hospital patient.

Although now and then a protest is received against my use of a word more than once in our successive DCs, Mrs. W. R. Carr, Biloxi, Miss., who likes to "run words down" takes real pleasure in forgetting new words for the thrill of looking them up again. On the other hand, writes Harriet Epworth, Omaha; "It's maddening to come across a word which you know was in a puzzle six months ago and then not have the slightest recollection as to what it was." Then she recounts her hunt for that Bishop Hatto of "mouse" fame, and her reward two weeks later when she picked up a book of Saki and read his story "The Mouse" in which there is a reference to Bishop Hatto. Mrs. Thomas G. R. Smith, Cleveland, would agree with Mrs. Carr; for when she had to go to a hospital recently for a prearranged date, and had been banking on Series No. 17 as a mainstay there, when she couldn't get No. 17 she bought another copy of No. 16 and writes: "I remembered enough to make the puzzles not too taxing and going through the book again was like re-reading a good book." Apparently Mrs. Smith "acquired merit" in the process; for of No. 17, which she now owns, she says, "I achieved what I hadn't really believed possible—I solved a puzzle without writing it in and I did many without references."

Apropos of my remarks about modern poetry Miss Epworth recalls a recent magazine cartoon: "Two young girls are sitting talking and one of them has a book in her hand. The young thing with the book says to a friend, 'This must be a very good book; I don't understand it.'" And Miss E. adds that sometimes she feels that way, too. As does Mrs. Anne Pierce, Bluefield, West. Va., who writes: "I too was brought up on the old poets and I too vainly try to understand most of modern poetry and listen in vain for the music that sings in the old poets."

MAY 12, 1945

DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 581

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 22 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. To wreathe; complicate.

B. Having the purpose or aim of (4 wds.)

C. Said of transportation leaving port.

D. A high shell-explosive, chiefly picric acid (from place in England).

E. Sooty; dark; dusky.

F. Goddess of war; mother of Ares (Gr. Myth.)

G. Slender tree of N. Z., like Lombardy poplar in habits; yielding valuable timber (Comp.)

H. Jagged in outline (Comp.)

I. A later or subsequent reflection or expedient.

J. Kind of glove used in baseball.

K. Fancy case for small personal articles.

L. To follow assiduously some favorite subject of interest, etc. (3 wds.)

M. To chant.

N. Fastidious; finical (Slang).

O. Author of "The Campaign," poem celebrating victory of Blenheim.

P. Full of flavor.

Q. Proceeds farther than or outside of (2 wds.)

R. Not sophisticated; artless.

S. Lays upon, as an order or command.

T. The three-language mixture used at the Rock of Gibraltar (2 wds.)

U. To complete; bring to a finished state (2 wds.)

V. Tragedy by Euripides based on an Attic myth.

W. Sharpsighted (like a certain animal).

X. Napoleonic victory against Austrians (May 10, 1796).

Y. Most westerly of the Aleutian Islands, Alaska.

WORDS

14 50 92 177 114 5

9 137 107 125 33 62 141 38 93 115 129

149 43 168 52 110 173 23 88

170 78 109 146 1 84 126

142 19 164 75 123 16 71 172 145 34

82 175 128 159

140 86 73 72 151 101 10 111

15 79 144 138 85 17 63 179

90 158 36 113 102 119 21 8 166 81 74 124

157 169 51 20

77 41 80 56

25 178 55 89 116 105 108 163 100 58

87 67 45 22 118 165

155 120 47 94 26 171

162 131 176 117 27 3 127

167 150 28 134 65

32 59 53 44 18 37 148 132 98 46

153 54 106 95 13 66 29 61 2

48 4 42 30 103 7 35

64 147 112 6 69 154 104 96 91 49 11

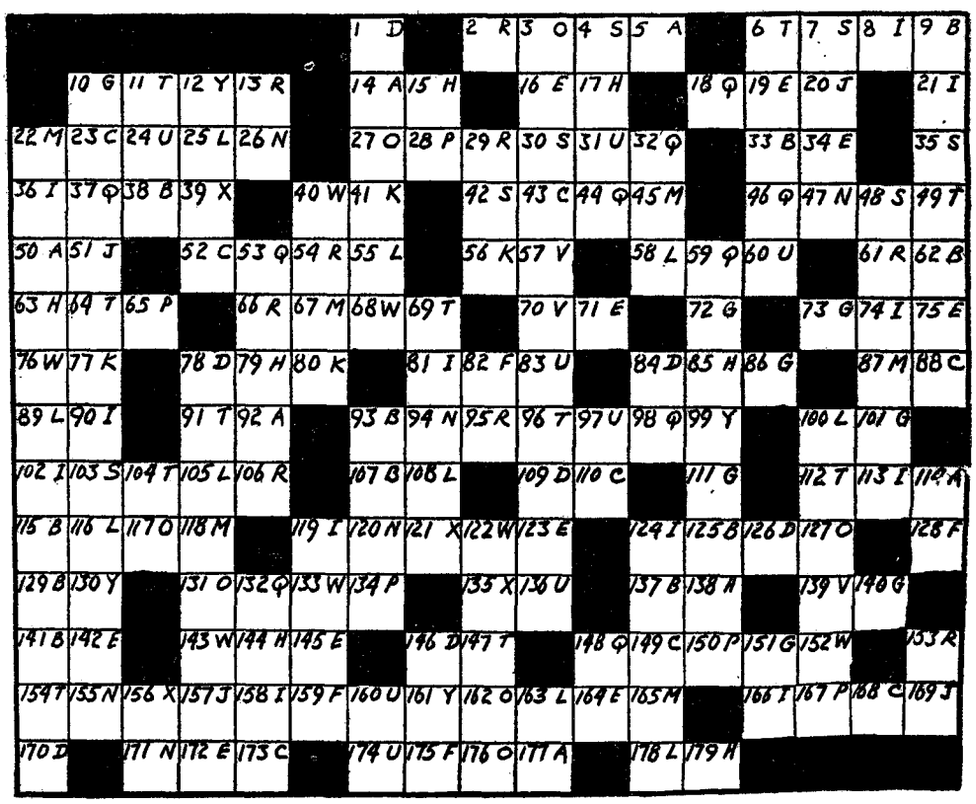
160 24 174 31 97 136 60 83

70 139 57

76 143 133 68 40 122 152

39 156 135 121

12 99 161 130



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